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THE MIRROR

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PEOPLE

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REFLECTIONS.

Our Glorious Country

REV. CHARLES PARKHURST says, all souls are not immortal. Only those souls that are well taken care of will live forever. The others will die. The reverend gentleman's theory is unique, but not so unique as the idea of some women of Syracuse that restaurant keepers should spare lobsters the pain of preservation upon ice, prior to broiling, by clothing the crustaceans in little, red flannel overcoats. But both these ideas are lacking in the original charm which characterizes the attitude of Professor Pearson, of Northwestern University, that a man can belong to the Methodist church

and draw a Methodist salary, while professing disbelief in the dogma that the Bible is the inspired word of God. And yet we might reconcile ourselves to these things with complacency if we could bring ourselves to see the admirable character of Mr. Julian Ralph's approval of a plan, whereby a man and a woman after being married for two years should hold a caucus to determine whether they liked it, and if they did not, should be free to separate and make other arrangements. But then why should we be startled at anything when, after Rev. C. W. de Lyon Nichols has reduced the Four Hundred to less than fifty, Terry McGovern is entertained by the swell set of Newport at Mrs. Kernochan's? All things are normal in a country that can devise no more impressive way of entertaining the Kaiser's brother than by inviting him to a banquet with one hundred men not one of whom is worth less than one hundred million dollars, and where a girl falling through a hole in the ice is saved by her picture-hat catching on the rim of the hole and sustaining her, till the arrival of help, by the aid of an eight-cent hat-pin stuck in her massy hair, and where it is nothing strange to wake up in the morning and read that M. Pernelet, of Philadelphia, after years of effort, has trained eleven alligators to sing the Pilgrim Chorus from "Tannhauser." This is the greatest country in the world. No other could produce a John L. Sullivan and then behold him suddenly revealing great mimetic art in the role of *Legree*, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," just at the time when, forty years after the story's appearance, protest is made against its veracity and morality, and no other country could bear calmly, as this bears, a certain Mr. Carpenter's discovery that there was no vessel called the *Mayflower* and that no Pilgrims came over in her. The more one reads our interesting public press and resolves and revolves in his mind the many matters of importance displayed, diurnally, for his delectation, the more he is convinced that to an American there is the sum of all wisdom in Robert Louis Stevenson's couplet:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

The Tariff

ALL the Republican leaders are in favor of tariff reform some other time. Times are too good now to tinker with the tariff. In hard times tariff tinkering makes them worse. Between these times there is no time at all. Hence, though the tariff is admittedly in need of revision it will not be revised, at least not until the Democrats get together and sweep the country on the revision issue.

Strenuousness

THE strenuous life is wearing on High Societee in Washington. There is an average of two functions a day at the White House with little informals in between times. Washington Society is taking on the aspect of the hustle of Chicago. And the only people who do not appear to tire are the Roosevelts. They actually enjoy the whirl. It's work for them, but they do it with the zest that makes for pleasure. For most of the others in Washington the hustle is supposed to be a pleasure, but as they don't mean it, the pleasure becomes a burden. And in the difference of the points of view here referred to, lies the secret of either happiness or misery.

A Plea for Indulgence

ENOUGH of this rot about Kubelik's needing a love-affair to develop his art. The talk is the talk of the satyrs of the theatrical profession to every young girl who goes upon the stage. She will never have genius till she has loved. She will never know passion till she has abandoned herself to it. She must study her soul and heart by violating and soiling both. That is the philosophy of the "gent" in the fur-lined overcoat that has given to the stage

its bad name. When that philosophy is proclaimed as to Kubelik, it is publicly proclaimed as to every other aspirant to the ecstasy of expression. The public approval of the theory is simply a mask for licentious indulgence in the name of art. It is immorality in its subtlest appeal. It is infamous theory and its result is diabolical practice. Strong words? Yes; but true.

The Boer War

AS the MIRROR goes to press there are indications that Great Britain is preparing to enter upon negotiations for an ending of the war in the Transvaal. Unfortunately the chances are that Great Britain will feel compelled for prestige to insist upon unconditional surrender, and the Boers will feel inclined to reject any such terms. If ever the world was tired of a war it is tired of this one. There is nothing splendid about it, except the tenacity of the Boers. British prestige is dragged in the mud and made a mockery. The Boers have been fighting brilliantly against the principle for which the Americans fought in 1776. The Boers are brave but politically backward. They have caused the world to admire and respect them for courage, but they appear to have made a useless, if great sacrifice of their lives and fortunes, only to lose the more completely the independence they enjoyed under British suzerainty. Everyone prays that the war may end soon. Stubbornness on either side now would be folly. If there be the faintest chance of a peace with credit to both sides the negotiators owe it to shocked humanity to seize upon the chance at once and put an end to the most painful spectacle the world has seen in a century.

Schley Out of Politics

GOOD for Admiral Schley! He declares he is not in politics. This is eminently wise. Politics has robbed him of his just share of fame. Politics alone has operated to hamper his vindication. If politics had not been mixed up in the awards of credit for the Santiago battle, Schley would not have been a suppliant for justice and Sampson would not have gone insane. Now that Schley is not a Democratic Presidential possibility, perhaps his detractors will cease abusing him. The President has Schley's appeal under consideration. The decision of the President should settle the matter and if against the Admiral the discussion should not be projected into politics by debate in Congress.

\$140,000 Boodle Story

THE Suburban Railway of St. Louis wanted to secure an extension of its lines and franchises from the last Municipal Assembly. Its manager had to see Ed. Butler. Col. Butler wanted \$145,000. That was all right. But the members of the Assembly found that of the \$145,000 Col. Butler intended to keep the larger share while he dribbled a pittance to them. They told the Suburban people they wouldn't pass the bill to be wolfed by Butler. Butler told the Suburban people to wait until the legislators became hungry and they'd take anything he chose to give them. The railway company couldn't wait and Butler couldn't agree to cut down his percentage. The money was up in two safe deposit boxes, \$65,000 for the Council, \$75,000 for the House. Col. Butler dropped out of the matter with the missing \$5,000 for a fee. The bill was passed, but the courts knocked it out. The man who succeeded Butler as manager wouldn't give up the money, or rather he would not furnish to the persons to get the money the two keys, which he held, to the safe deposit boxes. The legislators protested. Butler saw his opportunity to punish the railroad people who thought they could do boodle business in the Assembly without him. He peached on his former pals and had the information placed before the

The Mirror

Grand Jury. He would show those who dipped into and interfered with his game that it was dangerous. Bribery was his special monopoly and a few indictments of those who thought it wasn't would demonstrate that he was the only man who could do the business. When Butler squealed the men against whom he squealed went before the Grand Jurors and made a clean breast of it. They could afford to do it, since no money had passed. The indictments followed. This is in essence the true story of the big municipal sensation. It points many morals, but the chief of these morals is that Butler is a wolf selling the members of the Assembly to corporations for one price, but giving the members a smaller sum. It shows that Butler doesn't know of the honor that exists among thieves. It shows that he has the heart and soul of an Irish informer and is ever ready to turn State's evidence, to play Judas to everybody, in order to deter other men from infringing on his domain as boss boodler. And he publicly chuckles and tells the newspapers "when I handle legislation it never fails." It doesn't. He will try to bribe a man, but if he can't and some other person does, Butler squeals on both. Result: all bribery must be done by Butler. He holds up the corporations for wads and doles it out in dribbles to legislators.



The Signor and the Lady

SIGNOR MARCONI'S betrothed was very considerate in breaking off her engagement with him. She waited until world-wide fame for his achievement softened the blow. If also she waited to give him up until such time as he would be most conspicuously eligible, thereby enhancing her own distinction as turning down a celebrity, that was only great feminine generalship. If a man is to be jilted by a woman it is more creditable, both to him and to her, that the jilt or the jolt should come when he is in the high tide of success than when he is under a cloud or losing his grip upon other things than the woman. Both the Signor and the lady are to be congratulated upon the effective ending of their romance.



Pianolamaniacs

A NEW horror has been added to life. It is the friend who plays the pianola for you when you call at his residence. Everybody seems in danger of becoming more or less, principally less, of a musician. The murder of the musical masterpieces of the world proceeds merrily in every other parlor one enters. Is it not time for us all to organize against the pianolamaniacs?



Wabbling On The Canal

THERE'S a good deal of wabbling between the Panama and Nicaragua canal routes in the columns of some of the great newspapers. A week ago the Panama proposition was quite favorably received, but since then a change has come over many editors who now think that dalliance with the French scheme may result in our having no canal across the isthmus. There is evidently a great struggle going on under the surface of affairs at Washington over the two routes. There is a suspicion even that the trans-continental railroads are in some way working to delay the construction of the canal. The authorities should not countenance delay. The merits of the two routes can be easily and quickly compared and judged, as neither has lacked for expositors to set forth its superiority over the other. The country must not wobble, whatever the editors may do. If the canal routes be not decided upon and work begun right away, other things may intervene and put back the work for a quarter of a century. The people are ready and anxious for a canal now. They may not long remain in that mood. The MIRROR believes that the Panama property is in such shape that its purchase will necessitate undoing much work that has been done. It believes that the transfer from the French to the Americans may develop difficulties of an international character, that the concessions held by the Panamists are, in some particulars, dubious, and that this country's own original project is the safer because this

country has been working out all the possibilities of this plan and knows more about it generally. Still the MIRROR doesn't pretend to be a canal expert and it only ventures the suggestion that if we must have a canal the sooner we have it the better, whether it be Panama or Nicaragua.



The Baconian Bug

THE crass folly of the Baconian cryptogram theory of the authorship of the Shakespeare plays is illustrated in the very demonstrations of the theory. There are at least four cryptogram stories now presented to the public on as many different cryptic systems. That is to say, there are four different stories told in the same plays, and in as many different ciphers. The stories flatly contradict one another. No man as sane as Bacon would have wasted time in writing four contradictory cryptograms to prove his authorship of the plays, and it is a metaphysical impossibility that a man in laboriously constructing four ciphers in one, should have accidentally produced the greatest poetry and drama of the world.



St. Louis' Big Boss

IN an address at the meeting to organize a St. Louis branch of the National League for Civic Improvement, Mayor Wells said, among other things, "I believe the greatest curse to civic advancement is the corrupt political boss. When such men are in power it is impossible for honest men to accomplish anything. Lend all your energies and influence to eliminate the corrupt boss and the corrupt business and professional man who is accountable for bosses." There's a key note, but does any great St. Louis paper take it up? No. Why? Because it means Ed. Butler and Ed. Butler owns the men who own or influence St. Louis newspapers through his knowledge of the dirty work he has done for them in politics and legislation, because Ed. Butler is a millionaire and the business partner of millionaires, even if he did run a gambling telegraph shop, even if he did boodle, even if his friends are running forty-six policy shops in the city. Butler is a man of brains, even if they are shown in evil ways. He is daring in his villainy, even to the point of glorying in it as if it were a good joke. And it is a good joke when the highly reputable people who have thought they were using Butler find out that, instead of they owning him, he owns them. Butler has corrupted the ballot and the courts. He has controlled the police. He has bought and sold legislation openly for years. He has protected the criminal millionaire as well as the criminal slum bum. He has been greater than Mayors and Assemblies, and his "influence" has even swayed Grand Juries to investigate boodle deals when he was shut out of them. Butler controls the daily papers through his millionaire friends, or through his own work for deals in which the owners of the papers have been interested. Butler has bolted and sold out his party, the Democratic, time and again, when he could not control it. He has knifed ticket after ticket when it was not his interest to provide Indians to stuff through those tickets with bogus ballots. When a man rises up in St. Louis and says that Butler shall not longer be the dictator of this town, the papers combine to ignore the daring youth. When this young man does anything that is against bossism it is frowned down. When the Mayor of the city says a word against Butler the respectables shake their heads and doubt the wisdom of it. When Butler defies the law the leading citizens smile and say, "isn't it like old Ed?" These people and their organs in either party have no word of encouragement to give to a young man who fights this millionaire boss, or to a Mayor that refuses to cringe to this boss. They grovel before Butler's money, his cunning, his power. They fall down before his bluff that he can destroy anyone or anything that opposes him. They know he's a boss, but then he's so frank about it, that they rather admire it. They tolerate his holding up of the World's Fair for money to pass charter amendments to permit the Fair to be held. They see him defying the gambling law and compliment his resourcefulness. They see him selling out this party or that as profits him, favoring or opposing this

project or that as benefits him, and they think that his long career of success is ample justification of itself. Besides, fogies that they are, they are affronted that any young man should oppose any old timer. They are used to Butler and Butlerism. They or their friends have profited by both. They want no reform that will loosen their grip on things. They love the boss; he has been so handy. He has "done" others in their interest; therefore they are willing his graft shall not be disturbed. They may need him again. When he is brought to book for his misdeeds these respectables call it "persecution of an old man." But this town has grown beyond Butler and Butler's tools, rich as well as humble. The young men will not longer tolerate the boss who only serves himself and the magnates. The younger element wants reform that will make for honest opportunity in this town, and Butler and Butlerism stand for nothing but the further monopolization of everything in business or politics or the professions in this community by the few who can buy him when they need him. The Mayor of this city stands as the representative of the demand of the people that bossism be destroyed. Butler is the boss. He must be destroyed. And as far as Mr. Hawes, by some said to be a new boss, is concerned, the salient fact is, that he fights the gross boss in behalf of freer business, cleaner politics, more honest legislation, uncorrupted courts, the elimination of sluggers and ballot-box stuffers, the promotion of public decency, the loosening of the close-corporation cinch on the town, in behalf of the young man's chance in all branches of effort, in behalf of the annihilation of "graft" in every form. Mr. Hawes should be aided by decent opinion in all parties to eliminate Mr. Butler and to strengthen the Mayor's hands against the forces of corruption. Then if Mr. Hawes "gets too gay" as a boss on his own account, he will have shown us the way to apply to himself his own medicine.



A Horror

ONE or two of the daily papers in St. Louis pushed enterprise to the point of putrid prurience in giving the details of the life and death of the millionaire hedonist, Mr. A. Deane Cooper. The murder case in its obvious phases was bad enough, but the journalistic illumination of its more obscure obscurities, in one instance at least, was an achievement that would startle the redactors of the subterranean sheets of Paris. The removal of Mr. A. Deane Cooper by his colored retainer was a horrible thing, yet the episode had almost better been allowed to pass uninvestigated than that the mostly innocent public should have been initiated into the secret motives of the life that had such a ghastly ending.



An Appeal

A GENTLEMAN announcing his candidacy for office at the next election in Missouri, causes it to be made known that he is the friend of the Younger brothers, desperadoes recently released from the Minnesota penitentiary. Perhaps he does this to make himself solid with the State machine which has done work that would not have discredited the Youngers in their palmiest days in the line of holding-up railroads and banks.



A Union Labor City

SAN FRANCISCO'S Union Labor Mayor, Eugene Schmitz, has appointed a whole city cabinet of Union Labor leaders, and the citizens of that town do not appear to be impressed with any great sense of danger. There has been no stoppage of business, no decline in realty values, no paralysis of social life. The most important offices are held by men the citizens have known before only as leaders of strikes. Mayor Schmitz has not discharged the police force and he hasn't confiscated the street car facilities. The city seems to be doing as well under the new regime as it ever did under the rule of politicians. Why shouldn't it? The average Union Labor leader is as intelligent and as honorable as the average politician and has the interest of the community as much at

heart. It is not believed that the Union Labor administration of San Francisco is going to be disastrous to any interests of that town and the public utterances of the city's Chief Executive are marked by temperance and tolerance.

Protecting Names

MRS. MCKINLEY has protested against the use of her husband's name for a hotel in Canton. This is an action that the public will approve and it is to be hoped that if the lady has to go to law to win her point she will be successful in restraining the hotel man. The use of great and good men's names as designations or trade-marks of unworthy institutions, establishments or articles of commerce is a custom that should be stopped when the surviving relatives or descendants of the men so "honored" interpose objections. A statesman's, soldier's, journalist's family have rights in his fame and they are within their rights when they object to the tacking of that fame or name to a cheap cigar, a suspender, a saloon or a hotel. The vilest theater in New York was named the Dewey. Great philanthropists have had their portraits used as wrappers for cigars. A saloon called the Cooper Institute is an affront to the memory of a good man. A rooming house might be called the Roosevelt. The establishment by the courts of a precedent for the protection of names from such misuse would be of much value to the country.

Concerning 1903

ST. LOUIS knows that its terminal facilities now are inadequate to the handling of the ordinary traffic of the city. There is an almost perpetual freight blockade on the Illinois side of the river, simply because the roads have not enough trackage or storehouses, and the facilities for handling the freight on this side are equally behind the times. The two bridges and the ferries cannot handle the business. The merchants cannot get at their goods when they are shipped and the consignments often cannot be found because they are side-tracked one hundred miles east. Passenger trains are delayed by the congestion of the bridges. This being the situation now, what will it be in the World's Fair year? The trouble will be multiplied an hundred or, maybe, a thousand fold. If we are to have a World's Fair in 1903 what are the railroads doing to be ready for it? Where are the enlargements of trackage in progress on either side of the river? Where is the work being done to facilitate the rapid handling of trains on the bridges? Where are the workers enlarging the capacity of the Union Station for passengers or for baggage? Where are the preparations being made for train service to the Fair Grounds so that the trains may be run every three minutes? Why are not the steam railroads trying to get rights of way into the World's Fair Grounds, if the Fair is to be held in fifteen months? Is the Fair to be held without regard to railroad readiness in all these directions? The varietal dullard can see that the railroads are not doing anything in the line of forwarding this great work, and that the extent of the work indicated here, and indicated but cursorily, is such that it cannot possibly be done between now and May 1, 1903. It is not one railroad that has to do this work of preparation, but thirty. The Terminal Association alone will have to do as much work, almost, as would have to be done to provide a good sized World's Fair, and yet nothing is being done that indicates the improvements will be ready by May 1, 1903. The railroads can no more be in readiness to handle the crowds and the baggage and the freight of the great boom period of the Fair than the city itself can be put in shape for the Fair. The Fair itself cannot be completed by May 1st, 1903. If any one thing is to be done as regards the World's Fair proper it may be admitted that it can be done in that time. But the point is that everything will have to be done in time and on time. The iron will have to be here on time, the wood, the plaster. If one contractor "falls down" on a single item on a single building he will delay every other contractor. It is beyond human possibility that the calculations for a work involving the expenditure in total of thirty millions on the World's Fair, of three or five or, may-

be, ten millions on railroad terminals, and, perhaps, seven millions in municipal improvements, should work out to such a nicety as to have everything in readiness in fourteen months. It is hardly possible to put up a two million dollar building in that time, in the face of labor troubles, congested mills, and failures to have the material needed on hand the day and hour its presence is necessary. If the Fair can be built on time, it will be of no use if the railroads be not ready to handle the traffic and the city be not in shape to be shown to the visiting world. The people who scream for 1903 will have to back down.

Col. Bryan on Colleges

COLONEL WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is in favor of small colleges and against the great institutions. "The college," says the Colonel, in a characteristic passage, "ought to turn out something better than a scholar. It ought to turn out a man. The heart has more to do with human happiness than the head has. I believe the small college supplies the moral element as the large one cannot, because there is no influence so great as the influence of the upright life, such as the life of the professor constantly before the student in the small college." That is as truly as well said. But the Colonel forgot when he said it that last year there were in this country three hundred and seventy institutions of the higher learning having less than one thousand students and that only forty-two colleges had a larger enrollment. The colossal colleges that are now building will naturally be few. They will not harm the cause of education. On the contrary, they will be the places whereat most of the great problems of science will be worked out with the aid of their enormous endowments.

Prince Henry

OF one thing be sure; the American people are in no such fever of excitement over the visit of Prince Henry, of Prussia, as the American newspapers might lead one to suppose. The American newspapers, with a few exceptions, utterly misrepresent sound, sober, American opinion upon almost every subject. The Prince will be hospitably received in this country, but the men and women who make up the best part of the people are in no such state of ecstatic rapture as the pressmen describe.

A New Senator

DELAWARE sends John F. Dryden to the United States Senate. Mr. Dryden's political success shows once more the value of advertising. He will be a great man in the Senate. As a judicious advertiser he has the advantage of the friendship of all the newspaper business offices, and the aforesaid business offices are not going to take any chances on losing advertising by reason of the criticisms of editors or Washington correspondents upon the man who uses so much space to tell the public that his insurance company has "the strength of Gibraltar." He will always be able to give prudential reasons for his support of policies of government.

Nasty Advertising

IT must be plain to all observing persons that there is just ground for public protest against one feature of daily journalism, which, curiously enough, has been ignored too long by the critics of the deficiencies of the American press. This feature consists of the advertisements of doctors and makers of patent medicines. Poor Woman! Her ailments, organs and functions are described in the plainest terms; details of her sufferings and symptoms are set forth with appalling particularity; pictures of haggard creatures surmount and adorn pathetic relations of the excruciating agonies the said creatures suffered previous to the taking of these wonderful remedies, and these tales of horror always culminate with the invocation of blessings upon the quacks who have "cured" the invocators. These advertisements appear all over the country, in prominent newspapers, their large type and startling pictures occupying such conspicuous space that it is impossible to ignore them.

Constantly the specific particularity of these advertisements encroaches upon the freedom with which the most intimate ailments of men and women, and especially women, are discussed in medical books and periodicals. The amount of morbid and almost obscene enlightenment which these advertisements convey to the casual reader is simply horrifying. The "ads" grow more glaring day by day as to size, and more terrible in their plain-speaking. The effect of such printed matter upon the minds of young people can not be overestimated. The effect is that of gradual mental pollution. It is destructive of all refinement and delicacy. It imparts so-called knowledge in the most dangerous form and may be said to generate moral disease as it certainly generates hypochondriacal conditions in the community. The number of quack advertisers is constantly increasing and the number of those that address themselves to the alleged treatment of private ailments is increasing more than all the others. These advertisers grow bolder in their descriptions and diagnoses. Their language throws off medical disguise and becomes vulgar and vicious. Some years ago newspapers were careful about accepting advertisements that might shock tender sensibilities, but nowadays the publishers will accept anything, apparently, from anybody who will pay the rate. It would seem that this abuse calls for the attention of the postal authorities.

Five a Week

THE question has been asked whether a man can be a Christian on \$5.00 per week. It should be very easy to be a Christian on \$5.00 per week, if self-denial is an essential part of Christianity. But in these days a man who would try to live on \$5.00 per week would probably be an angel in a very short time. No man can live, in any way that could be called living, on such a sum.

Little

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

BY W. M. R.

THE annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission is strong enough in its condemnation of some of the railroads and the great manufacturing concerns to satisfy the wildest of wild-eyed Populists. The roads are accused of gross favoritism to big shippers, in the matter of rebates, which enable the big concerns to undersell and crush out their small competitors. The Commission goes at the matter directly and uses the plainest kind of language. It accuses leading railway officials, men occupying the highest positions and charged with the most important duties, of openly and glaringly violating the law of the land and then destroying all the evidence that might be used against them, even when they have admitted their offenses. The Commission admits that there are palliating circumstances in the matter and it says that existing laws should be so amended that railway managers who desire to observe them can do so without risk of sacrificing their property. The application of the remedy, the report says, is fraught with dangers to the public, and it should not be applied unless the public is fully protected. In view of those great combinations which have been formed and are now forming, by which railway competition, which upon the present theory of this law is greatly relied upon to secure just and reasonable rates and facilities, will be largely eliminated, some method should be provided by which the Government can exercise in fact that control over railway rates and operations which courts without number have asserted that it possesses, and which many persons suppose that it now exerts. The Commission protests against court decisions that penalties cannot be imposed upon corporations for violating the act, but only upon agents. It also bewails the courts' stringent rules upon the matter of evidence of rate-cutting. Dealing with the traffic associations, the Commission states that the secret "agreed" rates have been manipulated through these agencies, and says: "It is not the business of this Commission to enforce the anti-trust act, and we express no opinion as to the legality of the means adopted by these

associations. We simply call attention to the fact that the decisions of the United States Supreme Court in the trans-Missouri and joint traffic association cases have produced no practical effect upon the railway operations of the country. Such associations, in fact, exist now as they did before those decisions, and with the same general effect. In justice to all parties, we ought, probably, to add that it is difficult to see how our interstate railways could be operated, with due regard to the interest of the shipper and the railway, without concerted action of the kind afforded through these associations." The report as a whole might be summarized by stating that the Commission has found a lot of wrong doing, but confesses its inability to do anything to remedy the evils. It calls for more power to act, but intimates that there are conditions apart from those of railroading that render it impossible for the Commission to get at the real trouble. The Commission says that it would like to do things against trusts, but it cannot do anything officially to enforce the anti-trust act. It admits that the trust idea has its good side, too. Altogether the report of the Commission is sensational, but ineffective, and the best that can be said for it is that it shows that the railroads are above the law, while the law if rigorously applied would work hardship to many railroad officials who might try to avoid secret agreements in violation of the law. It must be said, however, that the Commission does a great service in giving publicity to the fact that the law is ineffective and that it brings the whole matter to a head when it suggests that "the whole law should be revised upon some correct theory and some workable basis," and when in view of the gross violations of the act it suggests that if it is not possible to amend this law in its more essential features it ought at least to be possible to deal with those coercive features of the act which are intended to prevent defiance of the plainest provisions of the law.

In line with the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission is the announcement of the completion of the report of the Industrial Commission which has spent several years, off and on, investigating the industrial condition of the country, with the view of making recommendation calculated to assist in the solution of the problems of the times. The preliminary dispatches declare that this commission on the subject of trusts follows closely the lines of recommendations laid down by the President in his annual message. Supervision by the National Government is recommended. The most radical specific step suggested in that direction by the report is that the books of all corporations should be subject at all times to inspection, as are the books of National Banks. This, it is claimed, would go far toward protecting the public against impositions in the way of overcapitalization and other devices. The Commission discusses Government ownership of railroads and telegraph lines, but does not recommend such a departure from present methods.

It will be seen that the keynote of the conclusions of both those important bodies is that the trust question is the one into which eventually and essentially almost all economic and social questions blend. It will be seen that in both cases the logic of the situation forces the members to recommend a policy which has been for years one of the things thought most desirable to be avoided in this country—centralization and concentration of the power of the National Government. They say "supervision" or "inspection" or "publicity," but they mean a control much more direct, comprehensive and definite than anything implied in the words mentioned. The Government should regulate rates. It should inspect books. It must have access to the secrets of trade and a stopping, if not a forwarding hand, in the conduct of business. The consolidating business tendency can only be dealt with by measures consolidating political forms and concentrating the whole power of the Nation. The discussion of the difficulties presented inevitably leads up to the suggestion of Government ownership of railroads and telegraphs, but the commissions appear to shrink from that conclusion. They dread the final destruction of individuality in business that has been inaugurated by the consolidations and amalgamations of

enterprises, but it is evident that Government control has to come sooner or later. The alternative looms big—that the corporations will control the Government.

MASSACHUSETTS VS. TEXAS.

BY ASBESTOS.

A Great Issue

THE fight on the Philippine bill in the Senate has arrived on schedule time. Senator Lodge has already led off in a statement giving the Republican side of the controversy, and he has been replied to by Senator Rawlins, of Utah, from a Democratic standpoint. The Democratic side of this "scrap" was inaugurated by Rawlins, of Utah, because he is the head of the list of Democratic members of the Committee on Philippines, but he will not be the leader in this debate and he will not make the speech on the Democratic side that will go down in history as the Democratic contention anent this bill that the Republicans undoubtedly intend to pass before the session closes. There is no sort of doubt that Senator Culberson, of Texas, and Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, will be the leaders in this debate of the Democratic and Republican sides respectively. Since this is the case it may be interesting to note the chief characteristics of the men who will play the leading part in this, the debate of the session. Those two men seem as if they were by nature designed to stand in opposition the one to the other and to contend until one shall establish a principle at farthest extreme from the conviction of the other.

Henry Cabot Lodge

LODGE is a man of rather striking characteristics. He is self-possessed to a remarkable degree. Without being brilliant, he is far from being dull. His greatest strength lies in that what he knows he knows, and that he is not disturbed if others have impressions contrary to that which he knows. His own reasoning suits him and is not apt to show any flaw to those who see things from the same point of view he does. He makes out a good case for himself and his followers and is not concerned about convincing anybody who chooses to start from entirely different premises. If he never is actually eloquent in debate it is because eloquence requires a fervor not consistent with the cultivation of his mind. His speech is elegant if not eloquent, and having complete control over himself, at all times, he is less apt to fall into tactical error than is one of greater imagination and passion. Under great cordiality of manner he is the coldest man who ever appeared in the Senate. John Sherman, whom men called cold, had some imagination and, at times, became excited so that his speech was confused. Lodge never gets excited. The evenness of his diction is never disturbed by the intensity of the occasion. He says what he has set out to say and does what he has started to do, with perfect complacency and confidence that nothing can have occurred to concern him. The club spirit of the Senate accords perfectly with his habits and disposition. He is a good mixer and a good listener, and, above all, his comprehension is keen, and if Senators are moving about mysteriously he is apt to divine what they are about. People often tell him more than they intend because he comprehends more than they say. Listening much and saying little suit his penetrating mind. His chief weakness lies in a cynical air which sometimes offends the peculiarly sensitive and which in debate detracts somewhat from the force of his argument. While he is not as skilled a parliamentarian as is Senator Aldrich, he is well acquainted with the secret passages of the Senate, knows the spring which opens a panel in the seemingly solid wall of the opposition and can safely tread the winding ways that lead somewhere or nowhere, according to the purpose of him who enters. His shrewdness is of a different sort from that of Aldrich, or T. C. Platt, or O. H. Platt, or of M. S. Quay, all of whom, perhaps, surpass him in this quality, but he is clever enough to get an advantage of a great majority of men who

compose the Senate, and he maintains an attitude of loftiness above the suspicion of being merely cunning. He is skilled in parliamentary methods, rather than cunning, knows how to keep his own secrets and possesses supreme self-confidence and the power of self-control, which sometimes gives him advantage over abler men than he, who are moved by passion. He is the alert Puritan who has read and watched and studied. The men on the "Merry Mountain" are his enemies and ungodly. He would expel them from the neighborhood and then go on teaching the Indians all the good things they should know, except how to get the better of a Puritan in a bargain. He is a dignified gentleman, a polished speaker, a writer of pure English, a man possessed of the accomplishments of society and qualified to conduct a parliamentary fight with credit to himself and danger to the opposition.

Culberson of Texas

SENATOR CULBERSON, whose sword will be drawn against Lodge, though the senior Senator from Texas, is a young man and has served over two years in Congress. His attainments are as high as those of Mr. Lodge, but his qualities of mind and character are as opposed to those of the gifted New Englander as was the cavalier opposed to the roundhead. He is brilliant, but, perhaps, less industrious than Mr. Lodge; he is as capable, but, perhaps, less adroit. His views are broad and liberal and he fights on high ground. In action he has more energy and power than has Lodge. His mind is clear and alert, and his power of analysis and expression is such as is possessed by few men. He is one of the best lawyers in the Senate and has the rare talent of being able to strip a proposition of everything clinging about to obscure it and to make things plain even to the dull. He has a peculiar brilliancy of thought which seems to illuminate his speech and give to it an eloquence not dependent upon delivery or dramatic art. His manner is at all times simple and there is a marked amiability of expression about his face, tempered, however, by a penetrating alertness of the eye and an expression of almost defiant firmness. Otherwise, apparently, without self-consciousness, he appears conscious of his own intellectual vigor and there is that evidence of combativeness which kindles in the eye when the incentive to action is suggested. He is wonderfully well equipped for just such a contest as he will have to make against Lodge. The parliamentary knowledge and skill which he lacks and which are possessed by his adversary, are compensated for by quickness and accuracy of reasoning and understanding of basic principles. Special considerations do not influence him to depart from fixed principles. His Democracy is axiomatic and not to be accommodated to special interests. His mind is not apt to be clouded and confused when considering a broad proposition, but, with simple directness, he cuts right through to the heart of the matter. Without any of the subtlety of Mr. Lodge, he has quite as much self-restraint. During his time in the Senate he has appeared but twice, conspicuously, in debate. His speech in opposition to the Foraker bill to establish a Porto Rican tariff was pronounced, by both opponents and sympathizers, as, perhaps, the most effective in support of the Constitutional principles of uniformity and equality. It was a legal argument, not a simple oration, and its force consisted chiefly in the clearness with which certain plain propositions were laid down and the unanswerable directness of his logic. He appeared next in debate behind the closed doors of executive session, speaking against the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, at the opening of this Congress. The public heard nothing of this, but it is said to have troubled the friends of the treaty more than anything else that occurred in the debate. He makes no claim to being an orator, but he is one of the best in the Senate. His demeanor is retiring, without an affectation of modesty. He belongs to the class of well-bred and well-groomed men who are neither self-assertive nor diffident, but possess always the quiet air characteristic of gentlemen. Rather tall and compactly built, his bearing and features are such as to attract attention. His face has the mark of frankness and refinement, but beneath the calm-

ness of expression there is an undefinable something which would make a cautious man hesitate to offend him. Two seemingly antagonistic qualities are ascribed to him. He is said to be very timid, yet, when aroused, to be a tireless fighter, alert and energetic in action. Senator Culberson has been ill with the "grip" for some time, but it is known that he is preparing for this debate which will open in earnest next week and continue for more than a month. The Democrats feel that this is their opportunity to make a campaign issue on which they can go before the people, and they have concluded to make the most of it. They look for big things from the Texan.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26th.

SCHWAB'S LITTLE GAMBLE.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

IF you amount to anything in the world nowadays, you have to behave yourself. If you go beyond the conventionalities of ordinary dull life, and do something that startles the natives, you have to suffer for it. You are put on your good-behavior, whether you are at home, or in the antipodes. You carry your moral and business obligations with you on your shoe-soles. The least indiscretion will be telegraphed all over the world, and thus it may happen that, after an innocent, little escapade, you awake in the morning to find yourself infamous. The world is growing narrower every day; wherever a person of prominence may go, he will be in the public eye. Where are the golden days of old, when we could enjoy ourselves as we pleased; could roam and cut up at will, anywhere in the wide world; when we could go incognito to some foreign country, where, unknown and unmolested, we could have a high old time, without being in constant fear of violating the eleventh commandment: "Don't allow yourself to be caught?" Nowadays, even an incognito will not save you; prominence is a curse. If you are a well-known politician, financier, artist or speculator, you will be known in every civilized country of the world. No use trying to conceal yourself; they will find you out, the sneaking, omniscient, ubiquitous reporters. If you are intent upon having a good time, it will be impossible to sail under false colors; you will have to own up to your actions and face the music.

And a man of prominence cannot go to the Fiji Islanders or to Dahomey in order to amuse himself. If he is out for a good, royal time, he will go elsewhere; somewhere in old, effete Europe. Either to Paris, where every leading American takes a course at the Moulin Rouge or Folies Bergères, or to Monte Carlo, where all the high flyers are wont to associate, he tries his luck at *Rouge et Noir* or *Roulette*. The other day, Mr. Chas. M. Schwab, whose principal claim to fame rests on the fact that he draws the largest salary in the United States, strolled along the sunny shore of the old Mediterranean Sea, and, inspired by classical surroundings and memories, dropped into the Casino, and, fascinated by the merry jingling of gold, the luxurious saloons and siren-strains of music, sat himself down at the table and tried his luck, as so many others have done before. Of course, he met with the same kind of success. He won and lost in rapid succession. He had big notions at first and dreamed of breaking the bank. Flushed with a few respectable gains, he risked more and more; his stakes grew sensational and attracted the attention of aristocrats and *parvenus*. And Schwab continued to lose; the croupier continued to utter his stereotyped phrases: "*Faites votre jeu, messieurs; le jeu est fait; rien ne va plus.*" He did not get excited, but persisted in raking in the big stakes of the rich American. He knew that all the odds were in favor of his bank and that the gambler would lose. And Schwab, at last realizing the impossibility of "beating the game," gave it up and retired with the loss of a sum that would be regarded as a fortune by millions of his compatriots at home.

Schwab's escapade and losses in the domain of the Grimaldis created a sensation. The telegraph spread the news. When it arrived in the United States, it produced

quite a stir, even in surfeited, jaded Wall street. The papers contained long articles on the subject; editorial writers hastened to digest it properly, and to point out the moral turpitude of Schwab's actions. They dilated upon the fact that the steel-king had for so long been set up as the ideal, self-made, straightforward, honest, thrifty and industrious man of industry, that his moral deviation and penchant for gambling could not but set a bad example to American youths, and spread the gospel of cynicism. But somebody else began to kick and complain about the episode of Monte Carlo, and that was the investor in United States Steel Corporation shares. Schwab is the president of the billion dollar trust, and had been elected to the position, and given a salary of almost \$1,000,000 per annum, on the prevailing belief in his integrity and business-like character. Everybody had confidence in him, and was eager to entrust him with the management of the big concern. And now the investor finds out that Schwab is just like every other mortal, and anxious to have a good time once in a while, even if he has to resort to the gambling table to satisfy his longing.

Now, has not Schwab a perfect right to do what he pleases with his money? He is supposed to earn his salary and to be a highly capable manager. Why all this hullabaloo and criticism of a man that can well afford to lose a few thousand dirty dollars? Abstractly considered, there is certainly no room for adverse comment or complaint about the actions of the president of the steel trust. But the trouble is that Schwab is supposed to act in the interest of thousands of small investors, and expected not to do anything that might impair general confidence in his character and business capability. People do not like to have a gambler at the head of a company in which they are financially interested. They do not believe that gambling and business success can go together. Besides this, the credit of a big corporation needs as much protection as that of any ordinary partnership or individual. The same principle applies to everything else. A gambling President, Governor or Judge would hardly command much respect.

It is, therefore, no wonder that Schwab got mad, or scared; perhaps he got mad because he was scared, and decamped very suddenly. He went to Germany, and it is now said that he will soon be in New York again. He has received a lesson, which he will not so soon forget. It is intimated that Morgan and other Wall street magnates instructed him to quit gambling and to return as quickly as possible. Morgan, it is reasonably certain, did not relish such antics on the part of his trusted lieutenant in the iron and steel business. Things are not what they used to be in Wall street. The stock market needs careful nursing, and the public, too. The last-named more than anything else, because stocks are to be sold, and it is only the public that can or will buy. Insiders have all the stocks they care to handle. Public confidence must be revived, and that speedily. But it cannot be revived, if would-be purchasers notice gambling in hitherto unsuspected quarters. The investor has his eyes open these days.

Of course, there are many men of prominence in every walk of life that gamble every day and upon a very large scale. Schwab did nothing extraordinary, but he made the mistake of doing it openly and of allowing himself to be caught red-handed in the very act. He should have had a little more sense. It was unnecessary for him to do it at the Casino in Monte Carlo; he could have done it quietly, and undoubtedly more successfully, right at home, in Wall street.

After all is said, however, the fact remains that business standards of morality are advancing. Great corporations need the confidence of the public, just as every small business man does. Gambling is all-prevalent nowadays; we all know that, but that does not change the generally accepted theory that the gambler is more or less reckless, and for that very reason not entitled to full confidence and respect. Gambling implies the taking of too much risk, a disregard of the present and the future and lack of that strong moral fiber which every business man should possess.

SUBURBAN IDEALS.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

NEARLY every aristocratic suburb either is, or thinks it is, a model city, as readers of St. Louis papers must be aware from the accounts of warfare on saloons in Kirkwood and Webster Groves, but Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, is easily the Eldorado of the reformer, the rallying ground of those who have seen better days and deny that these be halcyon, the women who go in for "movements" and the men who are their brothers' keepers. Until a few months ago, however, Evanston was cursed with many coarse civic impedimenta. Its policemen, in defiance of public sentiment, refused to chew tutti-frutti and stuck to navy twist; they failed to track the rushing "growler" to its lair or climb porches for ocular evidence that other games than checkers were being played by the backsliders who couldn't afford to belong to a club. The reform leaders began to cry out against these official laxities; somebody proposed to fight the growler habit by placing a tax on dinner-pails; the office of breath-inspector was proposed; the women's clubs passed resolutions binding the members not to be seen in public with men who smoked cigarettes, played cards or used bay rum. A few divorces and a dozen broken love-matches followed that last wave of reform, but the town was in a paroxysm of uplift and clamored for more laws and better policing. Old friends set watch upon one another and instead of being satisfied with olfactory or supposititious evidence of imperfection, began to peep through key-holes and eavesdrop the whispered conversations between the corner druggist and his confidential clients. From all this fierce, yet scattering, stress for holiness came a retroactive social discord [that threatened the community with utter disruption. Besides, it became evident that what was everybody's business was nobody's. Then clamored Evanston for a Moses to lead it out of the wilderness of mutual espionage and suspicion into the white light of organized reform.

Up spake one Newell C. Knight, an operator of the Chicago bourse, who, yearning to make for his chosen brethren a passage through the red sea of Evanston's impending trouble, said that he would accept the position of chief of police, purge the model city of vice, rehabilitate the fair fame of "our town" and make the blind pigs see the error of their ways. For this fine service he would have neither gift nor wage beyond the unspoken gratitude of his people. They appointed him. He began on the police force, naturally. An instructor was employed to teach them how to play "authors." This was to keep them out of the way of temptation, and it did. Most of them quit, but they were quickly replaced with better men who bore season tickets signed by the village pastors. These were permitted to play checkers (they call it "drawfts" in Evanston), parlor croquet and parchesi. When not thus engaged, the Evanston police were detailed to "spot" everybody who had a hectic look, wore a turn-down collar or ate cloves.

The blind pigs were all put out of business by Chief Knight in person and in two weeks they were so hard to find that some of the best young men in town quit drawing for the third ace and went looking for them. They've got to have fads in suburban towns, you know, and pig scouting became quite the rage in Evanston. The illicit liquor stys, increasing in numbers and mobility as they decreased in size and comfort, sprang up by dozens. The price of drinks went up in order to enable the proprietors to pay their frequent fines and the cost of moving into a new pen. When Chief Knight got too busy and the usual evening game of checkers and authors had to be abandoned for patrol duty, the low-browed politicians of Evanston, who knew that the darkest hour of Knight was just before the dawn, began to pay fines and advance money to anyone and everyone who could be induced to open up a thirst-parlor.

Then Chief of Police Newell C. Knight, weary of the ridicule and sarcasm heaped upon him by the chosen people, gave up his thankless job, "The red sea of beer and

booze have whelmed me," he cried. "The Moses and a dry passage game may be all right, but I guess Pharaoh will do for me."

And forth he went bearing only the contumely of the good and the hatred of the unregenerate of Evanston. Of course, it doesn't matter about this defeated reformer. He has a good business in La Salle street, in Chicago, where the game has fifty-cent ante whipped to a custard and a whiff of the atmosphere is worth three-fingers, but what about the trail of moral ruin he has left behind him in Evanston? In the old days, to be drunk in Evanston was a mere oversight, now it is an achievement. Oh, it must be an awful reflection for any reformer to look back upon a career like this of Knight's.

I think the moral is plain. If you must be a reformer don't go to a suburb town to paint the lily. Stick to the big city where the game is worth the candle. Of course, it's much harder to attract attention in New York, Chicago or St. Louis, but reformers don't care about having their names and faces in public prints. Not they!

A FEW GOOD THINGS.

A NEEDED GOSPEL FOR YANKEES.

TWO gentlemen were dining at one of the best known New York clubs. One was host, the other was his guest. The dinner, abundant, excellent in quality and well served, consisted of fewer items from the menu than the average New Yorker would order. "If there is anything I dislike," said the host in explanation, "it is a vaudeville course dinner of indifferent dishes. I want a few good things."

In that remark lay a philosophy which might well be applied to many problems of life in America, besides that of the dinner card. As a people, we undoubtedly are overfond of the vaudeville course. We make variety shows of our houses, of our education, of our professional careers and of our calendars of engagements, social, civic and philanthropic.

To Socrates the life of a modern busy American would have seemed to border on lunacy. The philosopher would have felt no surprise when told by an experienced medical practitioner that the American people pay untold fortunes to specialists in nervous diseases and to the proprietors of sanitariums. "Certainly," Socrates would have explained, "did not you hear my Athenian Guest remark to Clinias, of Crete: 'For the soul may be brave without reason and from nature; but on the other hand, without reason it never has been prudent and possessed of intellect, nor is it so now, nor will it ever be?'"

It has become a truism that in this country every man who has enough to do has too much to do, and that the man who isn't worked to death is out of a job. "Who will take the chairmanship of this committee?" "Mr. A, of course." "But Mr. A has already ten times as many interests in hand as he can attend to." "Certainly, we know that he has; that is why we must have him for this committee. If you want anything done, apply to the man who is already busy." And so the man who is already busy is waited upon. He is badgered, flattered and teased until, in sheer weariness of his tormentors, he assents to their proposition and thereby contributes his fool mite toward helping to keep this insane maxim true.

What is the result—for him? The result to the community is a bigger subject than we wish to grapple with at this moment. The busy man awakens every morning with an uncomfortable feeling that he failed to keep two or three important engagements the afternoon before, and that he probably will make a worse record to-day. While hurrying through the toilet—upon which an Englishman or a Frenchman would bestow careful attention, as a matter of conscience, not less than taste—the busy man nervously turns the pages of his engagement calendar and curses himself for having entered upon it a lot of troublesome, uninteresting and essentially worthless interviews, letters or

meetings. Of course he has no time to "enjoy" his breakfast. If his wife can get a civil answer to her inquiry about some domestic interest, or social invitation, she is a phenomenally persuasive and tactful specimen of her sex. Gulping his coffee and cursing all motormen, conductors and street railway corporations, the busy man finds himself three minutes late by his precisely accurate watch as he jams himself into a crowded car and proceeds in acute discomfort to obtain from his newspaper the modicum of "literature" which he finds time to indulge in during the twenty-four hours. The day thus begun is devoted to "tearing" from desk to desk, or from office to office. It ends in an unspoken confession, in the recesses of the victim's own soul, that he would give all his earthly possessions if he could know for ten or fifteen minutes exactly where he "was at."

Such being the busy man's life, such also is the education of his children. They are sent to the kindergarten to cultivate their imaginations by means of three-score and ten different hues of psychological iridescence. They are sent to the grammar school to bring home every night the text books of sixteen different sciences. Then they enter college, to do elective "stunts" for four years, in five to ten different "departments" each year. Naturally, when they graduate they are all qualified—in their own estimation—to be Administrators—with a big A—in multifarious important fields of practical activity!

The busy man's house, like his own activities and the instruction of his children, reveals his versatility, often combining—"in a modest way"—every style of architecture known to mankind from the days of Cain's altar to those of the Eiffel Tower; while its razzle-dazzle "decorations" perpetuate every "scheme" of frescoing, whitewashing, stucco-sticking, tapestry-hanging, burlap-pasting, leather-whittling, copper-hammering, tile-painting, glass-staining, hand-carving and jig-sawing that the human mind has as yet invented.

Into this house our busy friend brings the necessary stage properties for his continuous performance of "diversions" and "social duties." There is Louis Quatorze or Empire furniture in the reception room, and black English oak in the dining room. There are Japanese bamboos and porcelains in the tea room, Turkish scimitars, feudal armor, Fiji Island spears and Revolutionary muskets in the smoking room. In the library there are Shakespeare folios, Kelmscott impressions and department store novels. But nowhere, from basement to roof, are there ten cubic feet of unspoiled space where a weary man could sit down in peace and reposefully dream—or think.

To this wretchedly busy man, this amateur manager of a meaningless vaudeville show of life, we would commend the serene philosophy of "a few good things." He will find in it possibilities of satisfaction such as he has not hitherto known.

If he will adopt it and live by it he must begin by ceasing to be a hog. When he is rich, he must, with his comfortable fortune, be content, and not be obliged to keep on making money until he is a multi-millionaire. Having chosen his special field of business, or of professional activity, he must give his best energies to the duties of his calling and not feel himself obliged to take a place on every new committee or board of directors that his friends find time to organize. His house and its belongings must have the beauties of selection, fitness and simplicity. The mind of his child, and his own, must be trained to discriminate values, not to "want the earth."

Like all true wisdom the philosophy of "a few good things" is not new; it has the mellow quality of an ancient intellectual vintage. For it was Aristotle who wrote:

"Some think that a very moderate amount of virtue is enough, but set no limit to their desires of wealth, property, power, reputation and the like. To whom we reply by an appeal to facts, which easily prove that mankind does not acquire or preserve virtue by the help of external goods, but external goods by the help of virtue; and that happiness, whether consisting in pleasure or virtue, or both, is more often found with those who are most highly cultivated in

their mind and in their character, and have only a moderate share of external goods, than among those who possess external goods to a useless extent but are deficient in higher qualities."

The Independent.

KIPLING AGONISTES.

BY JOSEPH SMITH.

THE Rudyard liver's ruddled, the Kipling spleen has splurged.

He damns the Briton fuddled, the Saxon beer-submerged;

The singer swats the yeoman, with language harsh and vile;

He's found at last a foeman, who's worthy of his bile.

The war-horse at the wicket, the loafer on the links,

The games of golf and cricket, their flannels and their drinks,

Excite exasperation within the poet's breast:

Hence Rudyard's indignation; hence Kipling's bilious zest.

De Wet has conjured terrors and swelled disaster's roll

And Kitchener made errors which grieved the Jingo's soul;

Yet while the artful censor, changed vict'ry to reverse, He also made intenser the thrill of Kipling's verse.

No matter what disaster befell old England's arms

The Kipling wrote the faster in praise of Empire's charms;

What time the Briton battled and yelled for mules and men

Bold Rudyard rasped and rattled with fierce and trenchant pen.

He jabbed the Khaki fighter, he howled for blood and loot,

Made Fashion's pocket lighter, to feed the raw recruit;

The man of peace he flouted, the Cockney drove to drink,

And Boer commanders routed with Jingo pen and ink.

The war he oft has ended goes obstinately on,

The fighter he defended surrenders right along;

The grinning Transvaal farmer, his British foe derides,

And hints they should wear armor to save their punctured hides.

The poet supercilious, who whacked and cracked the Boer,

Is now the Kipling bilious, the Rudyard raw and sore;

He finds his conqu'ring heroes, are fat and full of beer,

A bunch of penny Neroes equipped with running gear;

Their deeds, which once amazed him, look now extremely slim,

And he, who once bepraised them, now rends them limb from limb.

The lofty oaks are catkins, the British lions frauds,

And weedy Tommy Atkins unworthy of his lauds.

The speech of war's brief frolic, to-day seems dismal rot,

The jingo muse has colic, Bellona's gone to pot.

Poor Tommy, weak and pallid, for fighting has no taste,

And miles of song and ballad have sadly gone to waste.

So Rudyard's liver's ruddled and Kipling's spleen has splurged,

He slams the Briton fuddled, the Saxon beer-submerged,

He thumps the tipsy yeoman in Hudibrastic style, He's found at last a foeman well worthy of his bile.

A RABBI ON "THE PASSION PLAY."

BY THOMAS J. BRITT.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, of Germantown, Pa., went to Bavaria in the summer of 1900, and has since issued in book form "A Rabbi's Impressions of the Oberammergau Passion Play." The book, published by Edward Stern & Co., Philadelphia, is supplemented by a number of chapters which bear on he subject of the authenticity of the New Testament version of the life and labors of Jesus and His followers, and of the times that ushered in the era of Christianity.

The author states, in his foreword, that the purpose of the book is the saving of the Jew from further suffering and the Christian from further wrong-doing. "It is issued for the Jew and the non-Jew, with love for both, in the spirit of truth, in the interest of peace." The burden of his plaint, which runs through all the pages of his book, is the obloquy that the Jew is forced to bear, by virtue of the teachings of Christians to-day, in churches and Sunday Schools, that the Jew was responsible for most of the sufferings and the final crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

The Rabbi, while admitting the fact that a play, where almost all the actors impersonate Jewish characters, within one summer, could attract nearly a quarter million of people, is no small compliment to the Jew, yet, he asserts, nothing could more deeply root among these people the existing prejudice against the Jew, or spread wider the world's hatred of him, than this Passion Play. He thought he would be able to view the spectacle as a sightseer, not as a critic, but soon found that he could not. He thought he could enact the part of tourist, and view it as he would any other spectacular performance, but the moment the play began, the first hymn was sung and the opening lines spoken, the tourist turned critic, the traveler was the theologian, the cosmopolitan, the Jew. When, in the play, he would see what he conceived to be one gross misrepresentation of the Jewish people after the other, he felt impelled to rise and declare aloud to the thousands assembled that what they saw and heard, so far as it depicted or typified the Jew, was unhistoric in fact, false in interpretation, cruel in inference.

Describing the place and its inhabitants, the Rabbi says there was no mistaking who were the actors in the play. They were the boy that carried your grip, the girl that waited on you at table, the man that blackened your boots, the woman that washed your clothes, the children at her feet, the men that served you in shop, restaurant or office, that tended sheep and cattle in the pastures, these were all actors, easily recognized—the men and boys by their long hair, and each by what one might call a Biblical cast of countenance. The ancestors of these people having performed this play, during one whole summer, in each decade, for nearly three hundred years, it seems to have exercised a psychical influence on the looks and manners, on the modes of thought and speech of the whole population.

"With a mountain scenery that is almost Palestinian as a background, the village has the appearance of a bit of Judea transplanted into the heart of the Bavarian Alps. The people seem more to belong to the past than to the present. . . . They are haunted by no doubts, harassed by no unbeliefs. . . . One is as much disposed to envy them as to pity them—to envy the warmth and depth of their faith, to pity their God-given reason fettered by blind credulity. . . . They who impersonate noble parts do not only act their parts on the stage, they live them in their daily lives. Anton Lang, the village potter, and Anna Flunger, the postman's daughter, seem as much the Jesus and Mary off the stage as on it." Life has no higher object, heaven itself can have no higher honor to these people than to take a prominent part in the play, and it is said that any of the village maidens would forego marriage, rather than risk losing the privilege of impersonating the coveted role of the Virgin. It almost broke Josef

Mayr's heart when told he would have to surrender the part of Jesus, which he had enacted for three decennials.

The Rabbi tells of a chat with Andreas Lang, who took the part of the Rabbi in the play, and of Lang's surprise at conversing with a real Rabbi; of the feeling displayed against Gregor Lechner, who for two decades has enacted the part of Judas, as his father before him had done, people treating them as traitors. When Lechner was asked whether he was training his son for the part, he replied: "God forbid! I love my child too much to bring the same sufferings upon him which I and my father before me have been obliged to endure."

The role of Judas, enacted by Johann Swink, he regards as the *piece de resistance*, without which the play would be deprived of most of its dramatic interest. The yellow robe, the money-bag, the Jew's greed of gold, the sharp, restless eyes, shaggy hair, haggard face, snake-like glide; everything vile in human nature pressed into the one character of Judas Iscariot. He is covetous, dishonest, mean, rapacious, cunning, treacherous. While breaking bread with the Master he is selling Him to the priests and scribes for filthy lucre. While yet his Master hails him "friend," and offers his cheek for the kiss of friendship, there is back of him the mob of Jews to whom that signal was for the laying on of violent hands. For this character Swink had for his models the type of Jew as represented by church fathers in the early centuries, as pictured by fanatics during the Dark Ages, as held up for derision and persecution during the Middle Ages and among modern anti-Semites. This character was so enacted that—although the Master and each of the disciples was a Jew—it intended to convey the impression that Judas alone typified the nature and way of the Jew.

The author endeavors to disprove the truth of the Gospel stories of Christ's life and death. He states that not one of the manuscripts of the four canonic gospels in our possession dates from a time earlier than three hundred years after the death of Christ. The very names of the authors are unknown. Within Jewish and cotemporaneous literature not a line is found of Jesus, nor a word of Him prior to the fourth century. The Gospels are founded on traditions supplemented by fancy and deliberate invention. Different people penned different versions.

Time passed. The halo around the head of the supernatural Christ widened. Everything deemed ecclesiastically good or doctrinally right was credited to Him. The miracles ascribed to Him are nowhere spoken of in any writings that have come down to us outside of the New Testament.

The Rabbi believes that no one had a stronger conviction that he was divinely commissioned to re-establish the Kingdom of Israel and relieve the Jews from their bondage than this Jesus, the carpenter's son of the Galilean town of Nazareth. He is willing to concede Him to be an exalted human being, not as a Being Divine; as a Godly preacher, not as a preaching God; as a masterly divine, not as a Divine Master.

In proof of His humanity he cites the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane, when praying alone. His doom is nigh: and yet he would live—His people are still oppressed. He opens his lips and prays: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; if not, then not as I will but as Thou wilt." A second and a third time he prays: "Father, if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, Thy will be done." And when the end is come, and Jesus is nailed to the cross, his last words are: "My God! my God! Why hast Thou forsaken me." That is the cry of the disillusioned dreamer-reformer, a human reproach to God, not a psalm of a God victorious over death.

It is the humanity of Jesus, he says, that has appealed to mankind, not His divinity. It is the religion of Jesus, the Jew, not the theology of Christ, the God, that has conquered the world. It is the Nazarene, preacher of love of God and of love of man, not the Nicene teacher of incomprehensible dogmas, that rules civilization to-day. It is Jesus, the man, who descended to the lowly of the earth, to the sorrow-laden, to the sinful and fallen, that has con-

quered the hearts of men; not Christ, the God, who ascended in the sight of man, to take His seat at God's "right hand," whatever that might be, in a "Heaven" somewhere in interstellar space.

With the example set and the precepts taught by Jesus there is no excuse that man cannot live the life of a God. It will be seen that the noble life lived by one man may be lived by all men, if all will but try, as Jesus tried, if all will but set moral duty and spiritual excellence as high as they were set by the Teacher and Preacher of Nazareth.

The trial of Jesus and His condemnation to death, he asserts to be an impossibility under conditions then existing. The Paschal feast finds all Jews at home. A meeting of the Sanhedrim could not be held at that time, and there was but one High Priest. The entire narration, he asserts, was invented with the sole purpose of casting odium on the Jew and shielding the Roman. Some of his arguments are very ably presented and are supported by reason.

Rabbi Krauskopf has written his book with all the prejudices and predilections of the Jew, but has attempted to present his premises with fairness and logic, but it will hardly make proselytes to Judaism, or shake the faith of Christians.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

HOW THEY LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

A PERSON signing himself "Englishman" denounces the MIRROR, on a postal card, for the article "Germany, England and U. S." by Ludwig Deutsch, printed last week. He says that there is no bad feeling between the people of England and those of the United States. For "Englishman's" benefit, and in support of Mr. Deutsch's contention, the MIRROR reproduces below a letter from an Englishman who has been in this country fifteen years, evidently without having ever taken out naturalization papers. This letter shows what an Englishman thinks of this country and what he thinks this country thinks of England. And, in the MIRROR's opinion, there is enough truth in the letter to justify everything that Mr. Ludwig Deutsch said in his article in last week's issue, enough truth to show the absurdity of all the pother about an Anglo-American alliance.

SOUTH HAVEN, MICH., U. S. A., DECEMBER 8, 1901.
To the Editor of the Saturday Review:

DEAR SIR: As one of thousands of Englishmen living in this country I write you to congratulate you upon your advocacy of a change of policy towards the Government and people of the United States.

Englishmen in this country have been astounded at the dullness of comprehension displayed by newspaper writers in Great Britain in their handling of this question. It is high time that the true sentiment of the "American" people were known to Englishmen in the Old Country. The few English people who come to visit this country only skim the surface of things, or they would surely go back better informed. All the friendly talk in English papers is systematically made fun of here and is looked upon as a sign of weakness. Every friendly act on the part of the English and the English Government is ridiculed and rejected. The fact of the matter is that the United States has been and is now being peopled by emigration from the lower strata of European life. The American Nation strictly speaking—I mean the descendants of the old settlers—are, like the French, and for similar reasons of prudence and economy, fast dying out. The population of this country is increasing only by an increase of the foreign element in two ways—natural and by immigration. Hence every year sees this country grow more intensely "foreign."

The English and Scotch immigration is almost nil. The Irish, Germans, Hollanders, Poles, Austrians, Swedes and Norwegians bring with them their old-country jealousies of England and find here a ready-made hotbed in which these same jealousies and hatreds are nourished. English people and everything pertaining to them are abused and ridiculed—even the poor English sparrow comes in for his

The Mirror

share. It is not because of the Boer war or any other recent occurrence. In fact if one tries to get back to first causes, it is unexplainable except in the way I have just hinted at. History is distorted to misrepresent England's motives at every opportunity and the most barefaced and glaring lies are openly taught children in schools under the name of "History." This has been done systematically "ever since this country became a Nation"—as they are very fond of saying over here.

There is another phase of this subject. It is this, and should be borne in mind constantly in any consideration of American diplomacy. Concentrated capitalism controls everything and everybody here in a sense that it is hard for an outsider to understand. Conditions social have changed rapidly in the past twenty years. Things are moving downwards with an accelerated motion—downwards for the masses I mean. This is due very largely to the introduction of machinery, the influx of cheap labor and to the growth of the Trusts.

The middle classes are being swept out of existence. Twenty years ago these same middle classes formed 75 per cent of the population. To-day they form barely 25 per cent. Small storekeepers and small manufacturers can no longer compete with the big "department" stores and large manufacturers. Consolidation of railway interests has done away with the employment of thousands of clerks and office men of all sorts. These changes have been somewhat sudden. Things are moving downwards so rapidly that the common people cannot help noticing the tendency and in spite of the desperate efforts of the controlling forces of capitalism—exercised through the agencies of the school, the pulpit and the press—they are talking about it. The present spell of "good times" has somewhat hushed this audible murmur of the populace, but it will arise again with redoubled energy presently if the capitalistic element does not "skurry round" and get up some counterbalancing excitement that will smother the cry of discontent and draw the attention of the ignorant numbskulls (I mean ignorant politically) away from their own troubles. Almost anything will serve their purpose. A war with England would appease popular clamor best of all.

It is simply wasting time to talk of an alliance with this country. If the English people had only used as much patience and energy in endeavoring to work up in Germany, or Russia, a friendly sentiment towards them as they have spent in trying to make up with this conglomeration in the United States, they would have been abundantly rewarded. The English people are being grossly deceived by American politicians. When the American Ambassador talks of America's friendly sentiment he knows right well that it is all humbug. I hope you will be very successful in opening the eyes of the English people to the impossibility and undesirability of an alliance with a people who take every opportunity to scoff at them, who foster and encourage their rankest enemies, the truculent Irish, and those puritanical humbugs, the Boers.

Yours Respectfully,
W. W. Toole.

P. S.—Since writing the above I have just received a newspaper which comments on your article and calls it an "Anti-American Tirade." This article in the *Free Press* is very mild indeed compared with the mouth-to-mouth comments of the American people. It is entitled "Let it Pass." Turn from this to the account of the Chicago "Protest Against Boer War." Bourke Cochran is a politician of an essentially American type—seeking place and power by pandering to the noxious sentiments of the majority of the people who represent nothing but the riff-raff of Continental Europe. He and others of his type, blatant and self-seeking, are doing the will of the capitalist element who are desirous of drawing the attention of the people away from their own misdoings. These writings are nothing exceptional. Nothing worse could be said in any of the European papers and this in spite of all the foolish cousinly talk on that side of the water. It is not a sudden outbreak. It has been like this ever since I have

been here, fifteen years now. The most despised and hated country of the world, here, in this country, is England, and then to hear the English talk of their "cousins" across the water is enough to make one's blood boil. The Canadians are loyal in spite of the intrigues and lies of the Americans. I cannot imagine an Englishman unwilling to help all he can to support the policy of the Government now. The few exceptions ought to be condemned as traitors. Friendship and alliance with Germany or Russia, or any country in Europe, is preferable to an alliance with such a mixture of races as we have here, for the reason that you can never be sure of them.

WOMAN'S MUTABLE BEAUTY.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

ACCORDING to the papers, the extreme slimness of Mrs. Patrick Campbell has amazed Chicago. Never has the Windy City seen such a sylph-like form, or such long, thin arms. Mrs. Campbell impressed me in a similar manner when I saw her in London. The play was "Pellias and Melisande," and she wore a dress of stiff, gold material that fell straight from her neck to her feet, and in which she resembled nothing so much as an umbrella in its case. Fragile is not the word for her. Yet she is none of those ugly things that are indifferently described as "scraggy" or "bony." She is lithe as a willow-wand, and, in evening-dress, shows one of those delicate, white necks, boneless and smooth, though it appears not to have an ounce of fat on it, which are one of the great beauties of Englishwomen. She is one of those picturesque and interesting people that fat would completely destroy. Now, with her curveless, boneless figure, her cloudy, sensitive, black hair that comes nearly to her knees, her small, thin face, lit by a pair of midnight eyes, she is altogether thrilling and harmonious.

Her type of beauty is particularly interesting, as it is a good example of the type now in vogue in England. There was a time when Mrs. Langtry was the perfect British beauty. Then the ideal was broad-shouldered, small-waisted, bright-haired, blue-eyed. The Jersey Lily was as famous for her complexion of lilies and roses as for her shoulders, that looked as if carved out of ivory, and from which her throat rose, proud and round as a Greek column. All the world recognized her as the typically handsome Englishwoman, the flawless example of a class that had long been famous in many countries for many generations, and that seemed to Balzac so peerless that the phrase, "beautiful as an Englishwoman," was the highest encomium he had to give. This type, during the Langtry regime, was constantly repeated. All good-looking English girls bore a sort of family resemblance to one another. The professional beauties were curiously alike—large, proud, calm-eyed creatures, smooth, reposeful, pink-and-white.

But there are fashions in beauty, just as there are in clothes and bills-of-fare. The Langtry type has ceased to exist, as far as fashionable London is concerned. It is now the era of the long, lean woman, with a prodigious length of limb, a mass of loosely rolled hair, and a Rosetti throat, moving listlessly in pale, unbelted draperies. How such a change of appearance could be effected is miraculous. Where are the broad shoulders, the splendid neck, the muscular, nobly-modeled figures of ten years back? Women can change the cut of their clothes at will, but how can they change the cut of their anatomies? And yet they have done just this thing. Their shoulders have become narrow and slightly sloping, their throats more slender, their hips smaller, and their arms and legs elongated to an extent that suggests that bed, upon which the robber, Procrustes, used to stretch his victims until their toes touched the foot-board.

Philosophical observers say that the change is due to the influence of Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Du Maurier. Each of these artists created a type which the nation eventually accepted as beautiful, and upon which all the women of

the nation modeled themselves. It was some time before the people were educated up to the cult of the "long line," the low forehead, the deep hair, and the square jaw. But in the end it conquered them and began to impress itself on the national face and form. I was reading a novel the other day in which the extreme thinness of the women of fashion in London was remarked. "They keep so by will-power," a young man replied. And this really seems to be the solution of the problem. Will-power not only keeps them thin, but has changed their bony structures, the shape of their heads, the character of their hair and the length of their limbs.

Burne-Jones and Du Maurier are undoubtedly responsible for the vogue of this languid and lissome sylph. It was Oscar Wilde who professed to have made the discovery that, instead of Art imitating Nature, Nature imitated Art. One of the proofs of his theory was the way the girls of England were growing like the girls of Burne-Jones, who had really, more or less, invented a new type of beauty. Never until Burne-Jones painted "The Golden Stairs" and "Venus' Mirror," did one see in England those pale, dreamy faces, with the thick, cloudy hair growing low on the wide brow, the innocent gray eyes, set very far apart, the square, slightly prominent jaw, the long neck, upon which the head drooped languidly. Nature had assimilated a new idea, and was reproducing it.

So with Du Maurier's women. These were not originally built from the gauzy fabric of a vision, but were Du Maurier's own daughters, who were tall, stately girls, with the nobly set heads and length of limb that their father adored. He used them as his models, and they charmed the popular fancy as the Gibson-girl did over here. Beautiful Englishwomen are now almost entirely of the Du Maurier type. One sees many Trilbys in London during May and June, only they are very gorgeous Trilbys, haughty and indifferent. But the face, with its advanced chin, long, cool neck, low brow, shaded by curled hair, and large, bovine eyes, is almost identically similar to the face ascribed by her author to "a certain magnificent grisette." The cold regularity of feature, the breadth and lowness of the forehead, the lack of roundness in the cheeks, and the strongly developed, though delicate jaw, are part of every Du Maurier face, and of hundreds of living faces that one sees in London shops, theatres, restaurants and hansoms.

How can there be any question that fashions in beauty alter feature and figure? The ideal of the early Victorian era is as extinct as the dodo. Those houris, whose faces adorned the Books of Beauty our grandmothers delighted in, are gone into the limbo of the unknown with their tiny, Cupid's-bow mouths, their wide-opened, blue eyes, their drooping, silky ringlets, and their champagne-bottle shoulders. They were the ideal of their day—the ideal Bulwer had before his mental vision when he wrote, "My Novel" and "The Caxtons;" that Thackeray saw when he created *Rosie Mackenzie* and *Amelia*; that Dickens tried to make us understand and love in *Agnes Wickfield* and *Bella Wilfer*. They look to us now "insipid as the queen upon a card." But we must remember that Eugenie de Montijo was one of them, and, according to Winterhalter, was the perfect realization of the type, as Mrs. Langtry was of hers.

The variations in the fashions in figures are as marked as those in faces. The little woman is quite out of it. She was of the epoch of the drooping ringlets and the sloping shoulders. She belongs to the days when the ideal female of the species passed across the meadows, and only refreshed the flowers by stepping on them, so ethereal was her tread. She fainted at a word, and wept at a glance. She was in her prime at sixteen and quite *passé* at twenty-two. She would have looked upon her large-footed, straight-fronted, six-foot successors as something entirely unfeminine and rather brutal. In figure she was delicately fine and dainty, with a waist "that a dog-collar could span." The waist, by the way, is that portion of the feminine anatomy which feels the fluctuations most acutely. It goes up and down like a thermometer. In the early part of the

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century it rose. Then in the thirties it wavered and went down. It was medium in the days of the crinoline, and the smaller its circumference the more applauded was its owner. Now it has begun to drop. It is already some distance lower than where nature placed it, but that is no proof its migrations are over, when we think of how, in the Empire days, it entirely deserted its own territory.

THE SAVING OF JOHN SANDILANDS.

BY ETHEL MILLS.

IT cost Jack Sandilands something to write that letter to Damaris, telling her that the break had come at last, and he was leaving by mid-day train to-morrow.

That sort of thing brings its own punishment; whether because it is intrinsically wrong or because most socially-unlawful things are uncomfortable, is still an unsettled question. The sense of wrong-doing or the sense of the uncomfortableness of it all had been growing upon him for some time. Damaris demanded a certain amount of public attention, for instance, at the mixed affairs to which she and her doubtful mother and divorced sister—who was beyond a doubt—gained access at times, and it is hard for a man with a certain social position to keep it and pay attention to a woman who has none. So the letter was written. Yet it cost him something to do it, for "under the rose" has fascinations which need no expounding, and Damaris was one of those women who bring the wine of life, if not peace and prosperity, along with them.

And yet he felt a new sense of freedom when it was posted. Fate had taken upon herself to ruthlessly snap the threads that the girl was slowly gathering into her slim, brown hands, and he was going away beyond reach of her strange power—the power to rouse in him that surging wild-beast jealousy which transformed him even to himself. His common sense told him no good would come of a life ruled by passion and by Damaris, and fate had done for him what he had been too weak to do for himself.

And, still, when her answer came he was disappointed. Reproach or pleading there was none—she congratulated him upon his good fortune. "It is time you and I had dropped all nonsense," she wrote. "Perhaps I am as glad of it as you are. Good-bye and good luck, if I don't see you again. Of course if you have time to drop in between eleven and twelve—we shall all be at home, and would like to see you, but do not put yourself out, for I know you must be busy. I am glad we are parting—friends." There was

a P. S. informing him that Charlie Thorn was coming to take her for a ride in the afternoon, so that there would be an early lunch if he cared to stay for it.

He had quite decided *not* to say good-bye until that letter came. He was strong at least in knowing his own weakness—but it was so cool and sensible—and they were "all" to be there. Rather a different message from the kind Damaris had been accustomed to send him. Besides it would be just as well to warn her to be careful with Thorn. As a friend he would do that, and so he went.

Damaris was waiting for him in the tangled rose-scented garden, that gave an air of past glory to the creeper-covered "rookery" she called her home. She was shelling peas, and the other voices could be heard distinctly from the back region. She wore a big, brown hat and a holland apron, and laughed a little as she noted how careful he was not to touch her when he was obliged to pass close to her to get a seat on the stone steps.

"Don't be afraid!" she said.

"It is best to be afraid," he answered. "I have only a few moments to stay, you know. I go at one o'clock."

"And have other friends to say good-bye to. I suppose you will go on to the Cedars from here? Don't forget to say good-bye to your chief and his family. Miss Reed is at home. I saw her pass half an hour ago."

"Yes, I am going to see them, of course."

"And to ask Nellie Reed to marry you?"

"Yes," he answered boldly. "I am going to try my luck."

"She is a nice girl, and a pretty one. Well, shall I wish you good-bye and good luck again?" She spoke carelessly, and leaned back against the French window. Like most windows in the old house, it was minus a clasp, and flew open, disclosing the dim, flower-scented room beyond—a tiny drawing-room, full of shabby, comfortable chairs, a sofa with many cushions, curtains that were inured to cigar-smoke, and beyond all—full of memories. The girl's big hat tumbled forward, and the sunlight falling through banksia boughs touched her dusky hair to bronze, and for the first time that morning she raised her big mysterious eyes to his.

And then there were her lips, curved and red—

"Better not, Jack."

But the voiceless sentence the bright eyes and the red lips spoke was a different one.

"You are a dear, clever girl, Damaris, not to make a fuss when a thing is inevitable and for the best, but as it is for the last time I suppose I may kiss you?"

"Well—yes, if you promise to go at once, and—I suppose you don't want all the passers-by to see us?"

She moved just inside the shelter of the curtains, and he followed her. A lizard came out and sunned itself on the stone steps, and an adventurous king-parrot made havoc amongst the scattered pea-pods. No one came to disturb them. The minutes sped—it would soon be too late for Jack's visit to the Cedars—too late for many things.

"Kind lady, buy rosary-beads, foot-brush, hatpeens, silk-andkerchiefs?" A stout Syrian woman, laden with the many bundles of her trade, was peering in at the half-closed window.

Even a clever woman cannot guard against Fate in a whimsical mood.

"Go away!" said Damaris, coming forward hastily. "I do not want anything." But, after the manner of her kind, the Syrian had no intention of taking "No," and flopped her bundles down just outside the window, and began again her whining entreaty.

"Buy something, Damaris, and send her to blazes!" said Jack, impatiently. "She won't go until you do."

The woman drew a small case of brassy wedding-rings from the depths of her pack and held them up, and grumbled not a little when Damaris invested in a few pins and bade her begone. A moment later she was back again, flinging wide the windows for "better light." "The pretty lady must see her silk-andkerchiefs. Only look—needn't buy."

The searching sunlight made "hay" of the cheap muslin curtains, showing up the room in all its sordid shabbiness; it also brought into prominence the clock on the mantelpiece.

"It's after twelve. Good Lord, Damaris, I'll never get to the Cedars and away by the train. Say good-bye to the others for me, and good-bye—again—I have stayed too long as it is."

She caught his hand. "No, no, Jack, not yet." The Syrian gave a pleasant and knowing chuckle. "Go at once—do you hear me?" cried the girl, turning on her in a fury. "How dare you enter the house—go at once!" But it was Jack who went first, after all.

In after life Damaris could never bear the sight of Syrian hawkers—and sometimes, when the gilded chains of respectability, monotony and law-abidingness weighed heavily, Jack Sandilands dreamed a dream, and wondered if Fate was after all to be thanked for sending that fat, brown woman to save him.

A WAIL FROM A WORKER.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Was there ever such a damnable trinity as this—the Nesbit Law, the Police Board Law and the desecration of Forest Park? Oh, they're all right. The first two keep a lot of poor, but honest, Ruebens from poverty, and insure the continuance in office of distinguished statesmen. The last is for the pleasure of the millionaires. But where does the public come in? The public? Ah, the public be damned! Do you wonder that Anarchy is gaining converts? Not the Anarchy of blood and crime, but the Anarchy that would abolish laws which are used not for the protection, but solely for the oppression of the people. There are other causes too, which are aiding the spread of this doctrine. The vile and unclean cars of the Transit Company and its wretched service; the filthy and foul condition of the city—its choked up and stinking sewers—its unspeakable streets; the increase of typhoid and the spread of small pox, which is prevalent all over the city and, concerning which, not a word is said in the public press nor is any step taken to suppress it; the utter incompetency and unconcern of the officials; the increase of robberies; the danger of life are all tending to turn the thoughts of men into a hatred of a political system which can render such things possible.

Rents are now exorbitant and an increase is threatened; foodstuff is high and is going higher; the work of the housewife is doubled by the filth of the streets and the black coating of smoke; still wages are good and work is plenty. Three years of World's Fair work in the grave of Forest Park awaits us—then the "hard times" and then the Deluge. This is not what you hear at Faust's or at the Noonday Club, but where God sits and His children talk you may hear it, and plenty more.

After all what does one get out of life in St. Louis? Foul air to breathe, unclean water to drink, miserable and oft-times dangerous sidewalks to walk on, and even then your right to their free and unimpeded use taken away from you for months at a time; deprived of the ballot; liable to be arrested at any moment, without warrant and without cause; liable to be held up and robbed any time after dark. Any policeman can take any citizen and lock him up, keep him in confinement for twenty-four hours by making an entry on the station records "Held for the Chief."

Yet because of these things shall we despair; shall we cease to love God—the God of the fresh air and the sunshine that is denied us? No—we will wait; silently and sleeplessly, wait until we hear, as hear we shall, His voice, cry out, amid the thunder and the lightning: "Vengeance is Mine."

One Who Works.

WOMEN IN MEDICINE.

Editor of the Mirror:

DEAR SIR: Since in an editorial mention of your issue of January 9th, you quote a reported opinion of one of the trustees of the Northwestern Woman's Medical School. I trust, in a spirit of fairness, you will also publish the enclosed statement of the Board of Trustees as a whole, as published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. In this connection it may be pertinent to state that, some years ago, the medical department of the University of Illinois, situated in Chicago, within a square of the

other school, opened its doors to women, and as the attendance there increased, it not unnaturally decreased at the Northwestern, a majority of women preferring, for self-evident reasons, a diploma issued by a co-educational institution.

Respectfully yours,

E. Marx.

St. Louis, Jan. 26th, 1902.

The statement enclosed in the above letter is as follows:

The daily press for the last few days has contained numerous articles relating to the proposed discontinuance of the Northwestern University Woman's Medical School emanating from more or less authentic sources. There seems still to be doubt regarding the action taken by the trustees of the University in the matter. The secretary of the board, Mr. Frank P. Crandon, on January 6, presented the following "authentic statement":

1. It has been decided to discontinue said department at the end of the current scholastic year.

2. This decision is based upon purely financial considerations. The maintenance of the Woman's Medical School has resulted in such an annual deficit for several years that the University trustees do not feel justified in continuing its operations.

3. The quality of the scholastic work in said department and the attainments and professional excellence of its graduates have always been entirely satisfactory to the University authorities.

4. Neither the board of trustees nor the executive committee has expressed any opinion which is unfavorable to women adopting the medical profession. If individual trustees have announced such a judgment, such opinions are to be regarded as personal matters, and not as committing the University to similar opinions or theories.

5. There is no probability that the medical work of Northwestern University will become co-educational.

A BEAUTIFUL ST. LOUIS.

At the meeting last Saturday evening for the organization of a St. Louis branch of the American League for Civic Improvements over one hundred and twenty-five persons were present and pledged themselves to support the movement. A set of officers was elected and an executive committee was appointed.

Mr. Kelsey, of Philadelphia, the projector of a World's Fair exhibit of a model city, advocated the starting of a campaign which might lead to the organization of more efficient departments of the city government to maintain public thoroughfares, dwelling particularly on the need of an efficient garbage-removal force. By means of several lantern-slides, he showed how unnecessary is the frequent multiplication of trolley-poles, telegraph-poles, lamp-posts and the like, and presented a method of grouping public conveniences in congested quarters, whereby the congestion might, in a measure, be averted, and whereby the conveniences themselves might be consistently multiplied and improved according to really modern ideas, as in Paris, Berlin and, latterly, in London.

Considering the proposed Municipal Art and Science exhibit, he summed up:

"You may search through the pages of exhibition history in vain to find a single example where an exhibition has left a lasting impress, where the chief idea has been the exploitation of commerce. Buffalo perished and is already forgotten because it taught no great lesson, but the Centennial still lives and will always be singled out as a milestone in our civilization, because it

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Dissolution of
Two Important
Competitors,
We have, in order
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marks the first general awakening in American art. Chicago made a big dent, not because she ignored the exploiting of commerce, but because the exploitation was enveloped in a magnificent architectural composition, and thus Chicago will ever be remembered as the exhibition that gave the first great impulse to good architecture throughout the United States. But the grandest opportunity of all remains for St. Louis to adopt or reject. I refer to the uniting of sculpture, painting, art and science into a formula which shall govern the organic development of all American cities in the future. Such an object lesson can be produced and at a cost only of about \$200,000, by including the municipal art and science exhibit in the World's Fair scheme, and it will be adopted if it has the support of the best citizens of St. Louis. From this small department will radiate a greater influence than from the great spectacle of the main exhibit itself. And thus St. Louis, also, may unfold a new page for the world to read."

Mr. Kelsey concluded by turning to the subject of special interest to the new society and said that the most important thing for the future welfare of this municipality, is the redeeming of suburban districts and unimproved areas within the city.

He urged that the society should use its influence to have a permanent, non-partisan, metropolitan commission appointed for the purpose of studying a thorough reorganization of the city and its departments of Public Works. Such a commission should be able to succeed itself indefinitely and should at once secure the services of the best expert talent to work out a comprehensive scheme for the gradual improvement and extension of the city according to a definitely established plan. In other words, it should follow the example of Boston and Washington.

Prof. Zeublin, of Chicago, made some telling points concerning street-paving and other practical matters of municipal beautification, as illustrated by his individual experience in the work in Chicago, and told the audience that though the work was hard it was not hopeless and that there was a sentiment stirring in the American people that would soon make the City Beautiful more than a vision of reformers—a practical tangible fact in American life.

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Douglas left a few days ago for Hot Springs.

Mrs. Paul Brown is entertaining Mrs. Sue Robertson, of Mexico, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Drummond will leave this week for Palm Beach, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Handlan, Jr. have located at the Usona, after a pleasant trip through the South.

The Imperial Club gave its second and last function of the winter, at the St. Louis Club, on Monday evening.

Mrs. F. E. Marshall gave a Japanese tea, on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Leon Trafalgar Brown, of Kansas City, and a number of other Kansas City guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith P. Galt gave a dinner, last week, at which they announced the engagement of Miss Clara Eaton to Mr. Thomas Galt. Miss Eaton is a sister of Mr. Thomas Eaton.

Mrs. Joseph L. Griswold gave a reception, on Tuesday afternoon, from three to five o'clock. Mrs. Griswold was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Norfleet Hill, Miss Cowan and Miss Laura Cowan.

Mrs. Joseph Miller will give a luncheon, on Thursday afternoon, in honor of Mrs. Wayman Cushman and Mrs. Charles Mulliken. Mrs. Cushman was well known as Miss Mary Semple Ames and Mrs. Mulliken was formerly Miss O'Fallon.

Mrs. Byrd Teasdale Caldwell will entertain, on Friday afternoon, from four to six o'clock, with a reception. The hostess will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. William B. Harrison, Mesdames Thomas Bowker Teasdale and J. Walter Teasdale.

Mrs. Forrest Ferguson gave a bowling party, on Wednesday evening, in honor of a house party which is being entertained by Mrs. W. G. Boyd, composed of the Misses Peters, of Rochester, New York, Mrs. Rucker of Kentucky and Miss Kenney of Kentucky.

Mrs. John H. Carroll gave a card party, on Wednesday afternoon, in honor of a number of Kansas City visitors, some of whom are her guests. Mesdames Alton Seitz, P. H. Hovey, Leon Trafalgar Brown, W. J. Hill, Edward Swinney, William Lusk Boone, Kelley Brent, Eli Lewis and Mrs. A. M. Moores, of Mount Pleasant, Tex.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Huntington Smith gave a reception, in honor of Mrs. Henry Irving Miller, who has lived away from here for years, but lately returned to reside permanently. The hostess was assisted by Mesdames John Ockerson, Ferris, of Louisiana, Mary Polk Winn Abiel Leonard Smith, Misses Beatrice Dunham and Martha Hutchinson.

Mrs. J. C. Doneghy, of 5972 Clemens avenue, will give a reception, this afternoon, in honor of her daughter, Mrs. William Lusk Boone, of Kansas City. The hostess will be assisted by Mesdames F. E. Marshall, Robert Atkinson, H. G. Noel, H. C. McCleary, P. H. Hovey, of Kansas City, Anna Colos, David Weyer, Kelley Brent, Edward Swinney, of Kansas City, Misses Frances Carroll, Mary Marshall and Ella McCleary.

Miss Carrie Cook and Mr. Edward Preetorius, have set April 9th for their wedding day. The bridesmaids will be Misses Elsie Ford, Rena Dula, and Helen Noel. And the groomsmen, Messrs. Dickson Cook, Jack Kearney and Rodgers Whitney, of New York. The ushers have not yet been decided upon. Following the ceremony, which will be performed at home, there will be a reception for a limited number of friends.

St. Louis friends have received cards from Mr. William T. Mason, of New York City, for the marriage of his daughter, Miss Ellen Mason and Mr. Walter Henry Brooke, Jr. The ceremony will take place on Wednesday evening, Feb. 5th, at half past eight, at St. Andrew's Church, in New York City. At home cards are enclosed for after March 1st, at 50 Mayfield Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Mason formerly resided in St. Louis and has lately visited relatives here.

Mrs. Paul Brown will give a reception on Friday afternoon, from three to five o'clock, assisted by her sister Mrs. F. H. Wright. Miss Sue Robertson, of Mexico, Mo., will be present. Mrs. Brown will be assisted in receiving by Mesdames R. B. Dula and John M. Wood. A bevy of ladies, who will be without hats, are Mesdames Walter Boogher, Leon Hull, Charles Cox, Selwyn Edgar, James Brounagh, Misses Mary Boyce, Rena Dula, Byrd Jourdan, Ida Crouch and Carrie Cook.

The marriage of Miss Mary McKittrick and

Mr. George Markham will take place Feb. 5, at the Church of the Messiah, at half past eleven o'clock in the morning. Miss Catlin will attend the bride as maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Misses Isabel January, Anne Hitchcock, of Washington, D. C., Mary Mitchell, Florence West and Miss Tutt. The best man will be Mr. Robert Brookings and the groomsmen and ushers, Messrs. George W. Bartlett, Dan Kirby, Philip Scanlan, Hugh McKittrick, Walter McKittrick and Ralph McKittrick. The bridal breakfast at the McKittrick home will follow the ceremony. Only a limited number of guests will be present.

The marriage of Miss Berenice Charlotte Ballard and Mr. Hinman Holden Clark, Jr., took place on Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock, at St. George's church, Rev. Dr. Holland officiating in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. After a honeymoon tour West the young couple will be at home to friends on the third and fourth Friday afternoons in February, at 4422 Morgan street. Miss Ballard is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Ballard and Mr. Clark is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hinman Clark.

The marriage of Miss Ellen Humphreys Walsh and Mr. William Maffitt took place on Tuesday afternoon, at five o'clock, at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Walsh. Following the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Father Sullivan, there was a large reception from six until nine o'clock. Miss Josephine Walsh attended her sister as maid of honor. Mr. Maffitt had for his best man, his brother, Mr. Tom Maffitt. After the reception the bride and groom departed for a Southern honeymoon tour and upon their return they will reside at 3619 Westminster place. They will be "at home" to friends after March first. Mr. Maffitt is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Chouteau Maffitt.

Mrs. J. W. Fristoe, of 4362 McPherson avenue, gave a tea, on Monday afternoon, from three to five o'clock, assisted by Mrs. J. T. Wallace, Mrs. Warren Bailey and Mrs. B. P. Givens. Misses Susie Meriwether and Frances Jones, presided over the punch bowl. Assisting the hostess were Mesdames W. J. Gilbert, W. G. Dunham, R. B. Dula and James Gettys. Among the guests were Mesdames Edward Swinney, of Kansas City, Leon Trafalgar Brown, of Kansas City, Paul Brown, F. H. Wright, Robert Atkinson, Franklin Armstrong, Joseph Goodfellow, Samuel Monks, John Roberts, George P. Jones, Byrd Caldwell, W. G. Chappell, R. Bostick, John Young Brown, John Ockerson, M. Beach, J. C. Doneghy, J. W. Lee, M. J. Reynolds, George P. Jones and M. Shields.

A fashionable affair will be the newly reorganized skating club, which will meet on Monday evenings, in February, at the ice rink, which will be chartered for those evenings. The chaperones are Mesdames Edward Mallinkrodt, John D. Davis, Thomas K. Niedringhaus, Frank Hammar, David R. Francis, Daniel Catlin, Ephron Catlin, Edmund Wickham and Guido Pantaleoni. Mr. Charles Morrill is the acting secretary. Among the members are Misses Grace Morrill, Edith Morrill, Irene Catlin, Emily Wickham, May Paddock, Alice Morton, Elizabeth Donaldson, Sarah Paddock, Sallie Walsh, Elizabeth Hull, Nina Gamble, Mary Ruston and Maud Niedringhaus, Messrs. Dan Kirby, John McCluney, Gai Paddock, Clifford Allen, John Geraghty, Robert Holmes, William Donaldson, J. Price Lane, Charles Miller, Ames and Turner.

A fellow who hunted the gnu
Was asked: "What on earth would you do
If the savages tried
To catch you for your hide?"
And he answered: "I'd kill off a gnu,
And then go to Swope's for a gshu."
Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

"Were there any pretty dresses in the play?"
"Oh, yes. The poor deserted wife, who had to take in sewing for a living, suffered agonies in a lovely white silk gown, with chiffon ruffles, and a dream of a pearl-colored plush opera cloak lined with white fur."
—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

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FLAGG PORTRAITS.

There is on view at Messrs. Noonan and Kocian's Galleries, on Locust street, a collection of remarkable water color portraits and studies by J. Montgomery Flagg, of New York. They are remarkable for their vivid color and the predominance of one tone of color. There is a gentleman all in purple, Mr. McRee, purple even to his shoes, purple as to everything, but his ruddy face and red necktie, and the greenish upholstery of the Morris chair in which he sits. The thing is daring and yet not "loud," as you might imagine from this description. The pose has ease with dignity. The drawing is excellent. The whole is life-like, yet not flatly photographic. The artist touch is all over it.

Near this is a portrait of Mrs. Flagg done in a milder tone. The picture is that of a lovely woman. The treatment is pure and cool without being at all stiff or formal. The cream tone is refreshing to the eye and the painting of the face is remarkably fine. This water color is almost the ideal portrait in that medium.

A girl in a kimono is another artful, witching thing, showing refined abandon of grace in leaning over and seemingly whispering something to a pillow. A woman in red in a huge box chair is a daring study in effects. The painting shows strength and firmness. The portraits of the two children of Mr. T. K. Niedringhaus are excellent specimens of work and the more excellent because they seem to have been merely "dabbed on" at first glance. They have the impression of youthfulness and unconventionality.

An interesting picture is that of Mr. Primm, a young man of Belleville, in a heliotrope mood or perhaps a brown study. The treatment is very dainty-delicate. The pose is languorous without flaccidity. The young man muses but doesn't dawdle. The painter has dealt with every detail with singular looseness of touch and the total effect is that of an exquisite in a mildly ennuye moment. The lavender tone is exactly fitted to the young man's whole attitude. The portraiture of the features is strikingly true and the general style is startling in its impressionistic verity.

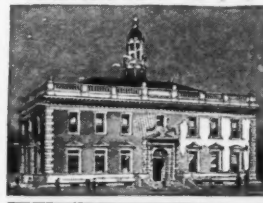
Flagg's work, if pushed a little more in the direction of personal predilection, if it got but a little further away from the necessities of a likeness, might very easily go

over into the method of the impressionists or into the "atmospheric" eccentricity of James M'Neill Whistler. He sees everything with a shade of purple in it, and he sees everything in something of a mist, yet he brings out lines and character with remarkable vividness. In this collection his most clarified work is the portrait of his wife. There is no haze or aura about her. She stands out distinctly, of herself, without any over-insistence of the artist's individuality, but all the others are pictures of the subjects plus the odd color-personality or color-vision of Flagg. Small though the collection be there has never been seen here one more interesting. Pmx.

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The Heritage of Peril, A. W. Marchmont, \$1.20;
The Lion's Whelp, Amelia E. Barr, \$1.20;
The Pines of Lory, J. A. Mitchell, \$1.20; Granstark, C. B. McCutcheon, \$1.20; Warwick of the Knobs, John U. Lloyd, \$1.20; Marietta, a Maid of Venice, F. Marion Crawford, \$1.20. Subscriptions taken for all publications at
JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive street.

NEW BOOKS.

"In the Footprints of the Padres," by Charles Warren Stoddard, is a very entertainingly told narrative of the author's childhood impressions of his trip from New York to San Francisco and of the Golden Gate City as he culls them in manhood from memory's garden. His pen picture of a phantom island, sighted just off the coast of Southern Mexico, is a brilliant bit of descriptive writing. The whole book has a decidedly poetical flavor and seems, furthermore, to reflect the balmy climate of California. His work has much value in many directions other than the merely pleasing. There are many interesting topics touched upon, apparently at random, and our Catholic fellow citizens will not fail to make good use of the testimony Mr. Stoddard adduces to show the superiority to all others of the Catholic priesthood's mission-work among the Indians. At times, the book is almost like ancient history and the author touches with grace and sympathy upon the landmarks and legends now disappearing before the new progress that has wiped out the "great American desert" of Coronado and his companions. There is much of new interest about the "forty-niner," many pleasant tales of San Francisco in the old, wild days of the gold fever. Mr. Stoddard's book is valuable and interesting. It is also literature. There are some especially interesting chapters, as the one called "A Mysterious History," being the story of the fight made for her good name before the British House of Lords and Dublin Court of Common Pleas, by Theresa, Viscountess Avonmore. Her letters to the author are exceptionally effective in their directness. They give one a splendid picture of good womanhood. "Inland Yachting" and "In a Californian Bungalow" are spirited narratives. The volume has plenty of variety and it reveals the author as a highly competent literary craftsman. (Stanley-Taylor Company, publishers, San Francisco, Cal. Price, \$1.50.)

Mr. Floyd B. Wilson's "Paths to Power" is an ably written series of lectures pertaining to and on the basic theory of so-called mental science. The author's interpretation of various books of the Bible does not accord with the views of the orthodox. He despises miracles but believes in much of modern miracle-mongering in the name of cures of various sorts. Will power and concentration will do everything in some peculiar way. By those who believe that sort of thing this book will be regarded as a work of immense significance. For others it will wear an entirely different aspect. (R. F. Fenno & Company, publishers, New York. Price \$1.)

Lovers of dogs, and that includes nearly everybody who loves anything, will treasure with affection the volume "Our Devoted Friend the Dog" by Sarah Knowles Bolton. It is full of excellent psychologizing as to canines. It tells many a pleasant story of the love of dogs for men and women, of the affection of dogs for one another and for other animals. It deals interestingly with the consideration of hospitals for dogs, cemeteries for dogs, cruel laws against dogs, and with the subject of homes for animals while the last chapter is devoted to the sub-

ject of "how to care for animals." The book is illustrated with a great many fine photographs. There isn't a dull page in the volume. It is a most effective plea for kindness to all animals. One cannot refrain from hoping that the book will have a large sale, in the interest of the spread of mercy. (L. C. Page & Co., publishers, Boston. Price \$1.50.)

A pretty book as to outside and a dainty book as to inside is "California Violets" by Grace Hibbard. The verses have violet tints of tender sadness. They are modestly musical. They are graceful. They are very minor in sentiment, but they are pleasing, if not at all great. In contrast with Miss Hibbard's prettinesses is Lionel Josaphare's book "Tourquoise and Iron." The poetry in this book is both singularly good and singularly bad. The badness is due to obscurities created by the straining for oddity of expression. When Mr. Josaphare does not "try" he writes very well indeed. When he does "try" he sprains every tendon in his Pegasus. If Mr. Josaphare would resist the temptation to reach out for conceits, under the impression that they give strength, he would make a name for himself. Both books are published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, at prices, respectively, of \$1.00 and \$1.20.

"How to Attract and Hold an Audience," by J. Berg Esenwein, A. M., Lit. D., is a careful compilation of elocutionary and oratorical rules of tone, inflection, gesture, position, etc., combined with advice on how to put them into practice, words on self-reliance and hints on construction of sentences with regard to euphony, clarity and exact modes of speech. As a text book or compendium the volume is useful. (Hinds & Noble, publishers, New York.)

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COMPANION TITLES.

The author of the famous tract, "Come to Jesus," at one time engaged in a theological dispute, at last sat down and wrote to some publication of his opponent an answer bristling with sarcasm and invective, sharp and cutting as a razor.

Reading it to a friend, he asked:

"What do you think of it?"

"It is a masterpiece of invective," was the reply. "You fairly flay him alive. What have you decided to call it?"

"I have not thought of a title. Can you suggest one?"

"Well," came the response, "how would it do to call it 'Go to the Devil,' by the author of 'Come to Jesus?'"

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"By telephone?"—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

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DAVID LAUBER, Manager.

The Second Version of Edward FitzGerald's Translations from
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Messrs. Van Vechten & Ellis beg to announce the issue at The Philosopher Press, which is in Wausau, Wisconsin, at The Sign of the Green Pine Tree, of a quarto edition of FitzGerald's Second Version of Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, on L. L. Brown handmade paper, pages 9½x12, bordered with an old Persian design, with antique types, printed anopistograph and bound in antique boards, boxed. Price, Five Dollars. They would be glad to send a copy for you to see, upon request, and will pay return charges if you do not care to purchase it.

VAN VECHTEN & ELLIS, Wausau, Wisconsin.

BOOKS

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Cassidy: "Why don't ye ate yer dinner?"
Casey: "Shure, this is Froiday, an' Oi'm wonderin'." Cassidy: "What are ye wonderin'?" Casey: "Is turtle soup fish whin it's made out o' veal?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

PLEASANT WHILE IT LASTED—"What would you do if you woke up some morning to find that you had inherited a million dollars?" "I'd turn over on the other side and try to dream it again."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

UNLOVELY STORY-LADIES.

[Mr. George French had an interesting article in last week's MIRROR on "Disagreeable Women in Fiction." Now comes Miss Ruth Hall, in the New York Times, with this further indictment of the girl in the contemporary novel.]

The insufferable girl has been a factor in fiction before and since *Henry Esmond* teased us by his inexplicable affection for *Beatrice*. But *Beatrice* (and *Rosamond Vincy*, for another example,) served a further literary purpose than to indicate the extreme limit of willfulness, and seldom outside of the *Duchess'* volumes were we supposed to admire the pert heroine who boxed the ears of her lover. It was with the revival of the historical novel that she became conspicuously in evidence.

The reader wonders, as he turns the pages of new book after new book, if all girls in the colonies coquetted as *Dorothy* coquetted with *Richard Carvel*, or were alternately unmaidenly free and unmaidenly hard, like *Janice Meredith*, or so deliberately scorned each marital obligation as did the wife of *Philip Winwood*. Could the Seventeenth century—could any century he asks himself, breed a *Jocelyn Lett*? The heroine of "To Have and to Hold" has married, under false pretenses, a generous gentleman, who, she understands, is thus innocently involved in her own impending doom and who must bear the brunt of certain vengeance. Any woman's instinct (to say nothing of a lady's sense of *noblesse oblige*) would be, after dragging the man into this hideous predicament, to at least lighten it for him in any way that offered. The less she cared for the man the more pressing would become her obligation. *Jocelyn* was insolence intensified to *Percy*. She flouted his commands, made, as she knew, for her safety.

"You told me not to go to the forest," she flings the words scornfully to him, "and so, of course, I went." Not until she has fallen in love with her husband, and so has a selfish end to gain, does she think of him rather than of herself.

Unreal as seem this curious type, she is invading all classes of fiction, since the Colonial novel opened the door to her. In "The Cavalier" she repeats to a mocking world that love song *Smith* had written for her alone. In "The Benefactress" she snubs poor *Axel* fiercely for his efforts to defend her from impostors. *Anna*, who is most considerate as a benefactress, can be a very shrew to her lover. Indeed, it is a singular notion this, that is newly and widely exploited, of the incivility with which a woman may treat a man. Surely a lady is always a lady, whether dealing with the one sex or the other. Yet, if this is true, *Virginia Carvel*, in "The Crisis," would scarcely invite *Stephen* to her house, and, after he had come there, tell him he was unwelcome. Nor would *Elinor*, in "The Pines of Lory," accept ungraciously the overexertion, on her behalf, of an invalid, and end the day by turning the sick man out of doors, in pouring rain, although he asked humbly to be allowed to sleep, for this one night, by the fire. It is but fair to Mr. Mitchell's creation to add that, when *Patsy* fell ill from the exposure, she nursed him to recovery. Once upon a time we should have accepted such deeds of mercy as part of the ordinary feminine equipment, but we have grown grateful for small blessings in the modern heroine.

And the strangest of all such heroines is *Ellen Brewster* in Miss Wilkins' "The Portion of Labor." A manufacturer is



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HAROLD BAUER.

murdered by a disaffected workman maddened at a threatened cut in wages. The new mill owner is secretly engaged to *Ellen*, who, the author assures us, loved *Robert* more than any one else in the world. Love without a modicum of faith seems a contradiction in terms. Still, upon *Ellen's* discovery that *Robert*, also, intends a wage reduction, instead of demanding his reasons (and they were excellent) she straightway incites the inflammable friends of his uncle's murderer to what she tells them is resisting tyranny, and they lead a strike. One could not blame *Robert* if he were rather annoyed with *Ellen*. On the contrary, he visits her at once, and mildly hopes, "You are not going to let this come between us." Truly, the truculence of the latterday heroine is only equaled by the meekness of the hero.

Yet, after all, these perversities in woman-kind are not the utmost recent novels have to show. "The Helmet of Navarre" gives to us a natural and a splendid creature. Miss Dix, in "The Making of Christopher Ferringham;" Miss Clark, in "God's Puppets;" Mrs. Antrobus, in "Quality Corner," have drawn fine women and drawn them well. *Honoria*, whom *Sir Richard Calmady* was so fortunate as to win, is free of tongue, but an honorable and a sterling hearted gentlewoman. It is by the light of these delineations, and many more which come thronging to the mind, that one is brought to marvel why an artist is ever moved to draw a good woman with the faults least likely to be hers.

Mr. Chas A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

"There's Mrs. Merrygirl's husband over there. Somehow he doesn't look like a very bright chap to me. Does he know anything?" "Know anything, my dear! He doesn't even suspect anything."—*Town Topics*.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

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Our Loss. Your Gain. Long Overcoats, Stylish and Good.

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TWO PARETIC PIECES.

What of these alleged comedy-operadramas like "The New Yorkers" and "The Strollers" now amusing, if not afflicting us, at the Century and the Olympic?

They are built chiefly for Gothamite rouses. They are souffles of shape and song. The girls must have hypnotically harmonious hips and ankles that suggest Venusian limbs. They must have alluring eyes and suggestive motions. They must reek with hints of the life very gay. They must know about cigarettes and champagne and talk a little slang. They must be of the type of girl that helps the money-grubber to enjoy himself when in New York on business.

These plays, or whatever they are, are only the development of the old leg-show of Black Crook days, or May Stanley's British Blondes. The taste of the frisky millionaires is more delicate than it was in the days of Jim Fisk. They don't care nowadays for such immense exposure of form. They like their eternal feminine to be garbed just enough to suggest modesty and to handle the garb with a carelessness that suggests possibilities of immodesty.

Aside from the girls and the intimation that they are gay girls not averse to little suppers and hack-rides and wild dances and—so forth, the production of the sort under consideration must have "fly" young men to patter the patois of the cafe, the stable, the gambling house, the prize ring. All this, too, for the moneyed "Rube" who goes to New York to be real "devilish" and

see life as it used to be pictured in "the Richmond Novels." Then there must be a comedian whose fun depends upon some personal peculiarity, a drawl, a sliding-scale voice, a pair of legs that ply about each other like grandma's knitting needles of old, a cynic attitude towards everything, a semi-blackleg sentimentality, a penchant for oaths, halted at the first syllable, and a glib familiarity with the sensational topics of the day.

Then there are the usual waiters, the funny Dutchmen, the soubrettes, the sextettes of young men and young women who sing ditties while gracefully stepping up to, away from and around about each other. There must be a rag-time dance or two, a sailor or coster song, a "tough" hoodlum act, one or two striking ensembles and a few thin melodies that are caught up by paid whistler's in the gallery to prove how easily popular the songs are. You'll find the songs for sale in the vestibule, as you leave.

These pieces have no literary merit, no musical merit, no humorous merit. They are vaporous, and sometimes the vapor smells decidedly bad, while generally it is flavored with the musk-opinion-beer-boozecigarette-stable-sidewalk odors of the Tenderloin. It's all as if the tone of *Town Topics* were filtered through the *Police Gazette* and then mixed with the artistic spirit of the colored Sunday supplement. It's all a little yellow, with the flash of fleshings and the rustle of lingerie. It's all built for the delectation of the real Deane Coopers of Gotham in their jaded hours and the embryo Coopers of the provinces.

Waistcoats

All Men Take Notice

We have purchased all the best qualities and most desirable Fancy and Plain Wash Waistcoats at a fraction of their real value—from the well known makers whose names we are not at liberty to disclose—they will discontinue this branch of their business.

We shall offer to our patrons these high-class Waistcoats at about 1/3 regular prices.

All new and fashionable styles, in plain and fancy weaves—Linen, Duck, Marseilles—in fancy, also neat, quiet patterns—single and double-breasted—with or without collar.

Made in the very best manner by the skilled hands of expert specialists in vest making.

365 Waistcoats, regular prices \$1.50 and \$2.00, your choice.....	50c
366 Waistcoats, regular prices \$2.50 and \$3.00, your choice.....	\$1.00
380 Waistcoats, regular prices \$3.50 and \$4.00, your choice.....	\$1.50
310 Waistcoats, regular prices \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$6.00, your choice.....	\$2.00

There's an advantage in first choice.
See Window Display.

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Clothiers, Haberdashers and Hatters.
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PICTURES?

During the next thirty days we want to make a record in our picture sales. There are thousands of people in St. Louis who love good pictures and would buy them if offered at low prices. We have cut the price on each Framed Picture

33 1/3 PER CENT.

This includes all our fine Water Colors, Paintings, Etchings and Engravings—not holding back a single one.

This is an Immense Reduction, and it is Genuine.

Now if you really love fine pictures, come and get such bargains as will not be offered again this year.

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That is the *raison d'être* of the plays that we have to sit through this week.

Not that Henshaw and Dan Daly are not clever, for they are, but their cleverness is a sort of disjected, ejaculatory, inconsequential chaffing that in its continuity approaches dangerously close to idiocy. Not that Miss Beaumont and Miss George are not pretty and melodic and able to twinkle trim ankles before us most bewitchingly. Not that there isn't pleasure in the scenery, the dressing and undressing, the dancing of the groups. Not that there isn't a good deal of vaudeville talent bunched in an evening. These things may all be admitted as merits. The charge against the productions of this sort generally is that they come so frequently and in such bunches that our minds are apt to adjust themselves permanently to this sort thing and we may all become paretic and mattooid Tenderloiners before we know it. We might have stood one or two a year, but there are so many of them now that they are apt to induce a "habit." They are destructive of all ordered mentality and each specimen is more egregiously irrational than the other. They begin nowhere, end nowhere and flourish in an atmosphere of spuriously gorgeous "fastness." A little of them might be diverting, but too much is surely perverting. They dislocate music, syncopate wit and abdicate sense. Daly's singing for instance! It is simply the paranoia of musical order. The girls are denizens of an abnormally misconceived unknown land of Bohemia. Absurdity is the chief thing aimed at,—absurdity and hosiery and lace and shoulders and hips and busts. The height of humor is the most archaic horse-play. The acme of fun is a drunk. The few decent people presented are *ipso facto*, in the logic of these things, fools or chumps. The most pronounced ridiculousities of alleged society are aped as real elegance. Indiscriminate familiarity of fondlement is the order of procedure. It's all gowny, giddy, girly, feverish, flash.

Does it amuse? It appears to. It's very meaninglessness seems to have a great charm. The hovering upon the risqué is attractive. Why is it so? Because,—why don't you know? Because this is what the ladies of the Four Hundred have for special entertainment at Newport. Because this is, suppositiously, the life that is lived every day and night from Fourteenth street to Herald Square along Broadway. This is

the wit, the form, the fashion, the everlastingly up-to-date swing of the real *its* of Gotham. This is from the center of things and it is the thing approved of the "smart," the "swell," the "swagger" sets.

It's all a delusion. It is built for "yaps," "come-ons," provincials, newly-rich—for the transients in New York. It is built to the "jay's" supposed unintelligence. It pays and pays big. But, ye gods, think what it is doing to public taste, if not to public morals and manners. Sankie.

A COCKTAIL WON THE KAISER.

Secretary Long's selection of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans to be Prince Henry's personal escort during his visit to this country is regarded as especially felicitous.

"Fighting Bob" is very popular with Kaiser Wilhelm. At the opening of the ship canal at Kiel, Evans and the Kaiser visited and revisited each other until a degree of familiarity was established which seemed to warrant Evans, then a captain, in introducing His imperial Majesty to the great American cocktail. It was a success, and it is said round after round was called for by the Kaiser.

The hour was late when he left the American cabin for the imperial yacht, loud in his praise of the new drink. Evans retired with a gloomy foreboding for the morrow. He was roused from deep slumber about 5 a. m. and asked to come on deck.

There he was met by the smiling Kaiser, who announced that he had come aboard to have "just one more of those delicious American drinks" before he made his morning inspection of his fleet.—*New York Evening Journal*.

Tea sets, chests of silverware, cutlery, sterling silver tableware, at Mermod & Jaccards, Broadway, corner Locust.

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CHICAGO. LONDON.

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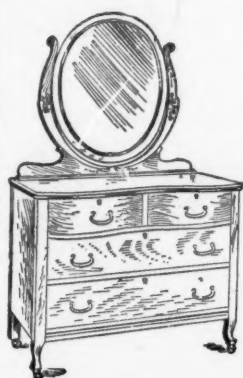
0% PIECE SALE

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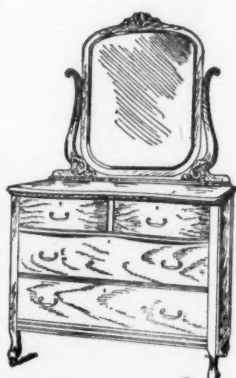
In Our Recent Factory
Fire.

These Pieces
New, Fresh Goods.



\$16.50 was 25.00

Bird's-Eye Maple.
Bev. French Mirror, 80x24.
Polished Top, 42x22.



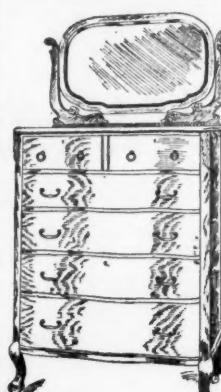
\$19.50 was \$25.00

Mahogany, Maple, Oak.
Bev. French Mirror, 30x24.
Polished top, 42x27.



\$18.50 was \$24.00

Maple.
Mahogany... \$20.00
Bev. Fr. Mirror, 46x23.



\$25.00 was \$35.00

Mahogany..... \$27.50
Bev. Fr. Mirror, 16x28.

1/2 Price

250 Rattan and
Other Chairs.

The value of a Clearing Sale to you depends on the quality of the goods carried and the depth of the reduction made. Our quality is always reliable. The reductions are quoted with absolute correctness.

A HUSBAND'S ADVICE.

Mrs. Witherby: Dear, the men have come to put in the telephone.

Witherby: All right. Let 'em put it in.

Mrs. Witherby: But where do you think it would better go?

Witherby: I don't care. Anywhere to suit you.

Mrs. Witherby: But where do you think would be the best place?

Witherby: (carefully going over the whole matter in his mind, after a moment's thought) I should put it back of these stairs, in the hall.

Mrs. Witherby: Oh, dear, no. That would never do. Why, suppose burglars—

Witherby: You weren't thinking of putting it up-stairs, were you?

Mrs. Witherby: Well, it would be so handy up there, and then if burglars—

Witherby: Nonsense!

Mrs. Witherby: Then why don't you suggest a place?

Witherby (drily): I have.

Mrs. Witherby: But a decent place.

Witherby: Look here; you settle this matter yourself. I don't care where you put that telephone. You can hang it on the roof, put it in the laundry or on the front door, if you want to.

Mrs. Witherby (haughtily): There! knew that's the way you would act. I have to decide every single thing about this house, and I'm sick and tired of having such a helpless man as you are for a husband.

Witherby: You ought to have married an electrician or a house-decorator. Haven't I told you what I thought?

Mrs. Witherby: Well, why don't you think of some other place, instead of standing round like a dummy?

Witherby (getting angry): You are a wonder! First I told you to decide the matter for yourself, and then, when you insisted on my advice, I gave it to you at once. Now you are abusing me just because I've got

strength of mind enough to stick by what I said.

Mrs. Witherby: I don't care! You are perfectly useless.

Witherby (resigned): All right; I am. Here comes the telephone man. Say, where's the best place to put that machine?

Telephone Man: I should say, sir, in the hall, back of these stairs.

Mrs. Witherby (calmly): Of course that's the best place. But I'll know better next time than to think of consulting you about anything!

Exit Witherby, whistling violently.—Tom Masson, in February Smart Set.

THE WOMAN REFORMER.

One of the women I always rejoice to meet—for in common with the rest of humanity, I owe her a debt I cannot pay—is the Woman Reformer. But for her we should never know how wicked the world is or how bad for us are all the things we like to do. In every community she is a self-appointed arbiter of morals, a watch-dog of other people's conduct we could not do without.

You may recognize her at sight by the tag ends of ribbons—each denoting an anti-something society to which she belongs—that are pinned on her flat and narrow chest. She has also an eagle eye that can see vulgarity in a statue and immorality in children dancing around a May-pole; a nose that can scent evil from afar, and a mouth set in a rigid line of disapproval, as if she had just avowed something that had disagreed with her.

The theory on which the woman reformer works is beautifully simple. Whatever she doesn't enjoy doing herself is wrong and ought to be suppressed. She doesn't smoke and she is president of the anti tobacco league. She drinks nothing but tea, and she gets laws passed making it a crime for other people to drink beer. She never travels, and she wants all trains stopped on

Sundays. Nothing livelier than a bloody tragedy appeals to her in an amusement way, and she wants the gay burlesque censured off of the stage. She never laughs, and she is deeply, darkly suspicious of the woman who does. She has no appetite, and she feeds her family on the health food messes that are so good for their stomachs and so bad for their palates.

When she marries it is for the sacred joy of policing her husband's habits and changing his ways, for, with the Woman Reformer, reforms always begin at home and on the unfortunate man she has married. She discovers that smoking might give him tobacco heart, and stops his cigars; that the dishes he prefers are indigestible, and never has them, and that all his old friends are liable to lead him astray, and cold-shoulders them out of the house. There isn't a single thing, from his politics and religion to the way he wears his collars and gets his hair cut, that she doesn't interfere with, and, finally, when she has bulldozed him into doing her way, she goes about bragging of a wife's uplifting influence over a husband.

There's no earthly way of reforming a Woman Reformer, but sometimes she dies. Then people wonder at the fortitude with which her husband and her children and the community bear their loss.—Dorothy Dix, in the New York Journal.

"ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT."

Of the many overworked words in the English language there is none more deserving of popular sympathy than that much abused and widely comprehensive term "temperament." Coupled with the equally vague adjective "artistic," temperament is made, to-day, the cloak for almost every sin on the calendar. If a woman deserts her husband and children, her friends charitably condone her offense on the ground that her "artistic temperament" unsuited her for domestic life. If a painter or a musician is more than ordinarily open and shameless in

his peccadilloes, he is excused because of this same "temperament." The possessors of this admirably dispensating quality look down upon the more ordinary folk who pay their debts and wear clean linen, and smugly preen themselves on their immunity. But what, after all, is temperament? The dictionaries define it as "the peculiar physical and mental characteristics of an individual," or "a special type of mental constitution and development due to natural characteristics of the bodily organism." But neither of these definitions seems to warrant the breadth of interpretation which nowadays we put upon the word. Somehow the misconception has been sanctioned, and the so-called artistic temperament has become about as unpleasant a thing as one often meets with. In a man, the most common symptoms of this complaint are uncleanness, a generally disordered appearance, a broadly decadent point of view, and a positive aversion to any healthful employment. In a woman they are even more unpleasant—a fondness for stories which only by charity can be classified as merely risqué, a terrifyingly liberal code of morals, and an entire lack of that smartness of appearance which has made our American women admired the world over. Curiously enough, the really artistic people are seldom endowed with the qualities which permit them to be included under this all-sheltering term. On the whole, the artistic temperament, as it is currently understood to-day, seems to us distinctly a forceless and dilettante quality, and one which we ordinary mortals may happily do without.—Harper's Weekly.

"Did yez show Casey, the contractor, the Wash'nt'n monnymint?" asked Mr. Rafferty.

"Oi did," answered Mr. Dolan, "an' he wor deeply imprissed."

"What did he say?"

"He said it wor the tallest one-story buildin' he iver saw!"—Washington Star.

BACK TO THE SOIL.

The economic philosophy of Ben Franklin proved a safe business rule for the eighteenth century. Saving is a good first principle. But the second principle is investment. In the twentieth century fortunes are not made by saving. The genetic process of millions now is realized to be a question of the increase of values.

Speculation is unsound when there is no probable basis for increase in values. It is sound when you can conservatively expect this increase. Test your speculation by that rule. It will make and save you money.

Here is a proposition of values: The surest investment in the world is good real estate. This sort of real estate, when located in territory which has not yet reached its limit of development, not only has a present value but also an extremely high potential value. You are in a line with progress. The operation of natural causes will increase values. You are investing in a certainty.

Texas land is as rich as any in this country. People are just beginning to realize this. Texas is on the boom. Its oil fields are making it what gold made California. Its cotton practically controls the Southern market. And Texas lands are in the period of advancement in values, just as Texas is in the period of development. Land values can no more help advancing under such conditions than supply can help being regulated by demand. Isn't this perfectly plain?

These are the facts. Here is the application:

Emmerson, Collin County, Texas, is almost the center of the productive area of the State. It is on the Red River, Texas and Southern Railway, of the Frisco system. It is between Sherman and Fort Worth and forty miles west of Dallas. It has naturally a commanding position. Its railroad facilities are accomplished facts. Look at the map of Texas and see how the Frisco road is its direct feeder. The land is opened up, pierced by the railways and directly in the path of magnificent development. Collin County has a population of over 50,000, ranking seventh in the State. Its soil is rich, black and waxy. Judge of its resources from this data:

Oats average 75 bushels to the acre, several crops at Emmerson yielding 125 bushels an acre; corn averages from 50 to 75 bushels an acre, depending on the state of cultivation; wheat yields 25 bushels an acre; the cotton crop is practically certain every year and averages a bale an acre. The very tract of land upon which the depot is to be built is a part of 23 acres of cotton land which yielded last season 21½ bales. Translate this into terms of dollars and cents and what investment is more plainly sound and practical?

These facts can be verified. They are worth columns of "hot air." The value of land in Collin county is a good enough proof. It is sold at from \$20 to \$30 an acre. These prices are not paid for fun. They are not paper prices. They are paid by men who are on the ground and making a rich living out of it. If land is worth this now, what will it be worth, fully developed, in three years more?

As this is the first public auction, buyers can get the pick of the land. They will not pay exaggerated values for it. They will pay exactly what the people who come to Emmerson looking for a bargain in real estate think the land is worth. If you buy, you are buying on open market prices and

you know that with every other sale of property, every new settler, every new interest added, your property will appreciate in value. That is the advantage of auction sales for the buyer. For the seller, of course, the advantage lies in the fact that he is dealing on a wholesale basis; just as the wholesale house sells cheaper than the retail vendor.

Obviously here is the opportunity, not for a get-rich-quick scheme or some glittering bonanza, but for a safe, certain, judicious investment. You don't buy neatly engraved stock. You buy land—land that is always there—the richest, most productive land in the South.

The Black Land Townsite Company, of Dallas, Texas—American National Bank Building—has control of a great deal of property in Emmerson, Collin county. It has sub-divided this into lots. This real estate is to be put on the market at public auction. There is enough land for everybody. These town lots will be sold in Emmerson on Friday, February 7th, and on Saturday, February 8th, by the Black Land Company, to the highest bidder. It will be the first public auction of this property. You can buy on easy terms. Hence the opportunity for profitable investment.

You can buy valuable land in the line of development, at low prices and on easy terms. You can buy it to live on, or you can buy it as a speculation. In either sense it is a good thing. Go there and see for yourself.

Naturally the Frisco road is interested in the development of Texas history. Special rates, therefore, have been made for this sale. These rates are from St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City, Fort Worth, Denison, Sherman and other points. The cost of transportation has been cut to the lowest margin simply to bring people to the site.

The rates from St. Louis, Chicago and Kansas City will go into effect February 4th. Excursion trains will be run from the Texas points, leaving and returning the same day.

Those who purchase real estate to the amount of \$500 or more will be refunded their fare by general Agent Summerfield. Excursion tickets are now on sale at the Frisco offices, where further information, plats, maps, etc., can be secured.

Here are the points for consideration:

The opportunity is afforded by this sale of Emmerson town lots to purchase land of proved natural value and of inevitable speculative value.

This land is centrally located in the coming State of the South and Southwest and on the Frisco line.

You can buy it cheap because it will be sold at auction and payments will be arranged on easy terms.

You can make a delightful trip to Texas practically for nothing.

You can make a safe, rational investment in a business like way. You can see for yourself; you take nothing on trust.

You can make an investment that will pay you from the start and in several years will be of undoubtedly great value.

If this matter is of any moment to you, all the details can be secured either from General Agent Summerfield, American National Bank Building, Dallas, Tex., or Bryan Snyder, passenger traffic manager of the Frisco system at the local offices.

The St. Louis excursion leaves Tuesday, February 4th, and the sale will be held on Friday, February 7th.

Mermod and Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust,

Corticelli

SPOOL SILK

Too Strong to Break



NO SILK So Smooth as *Corticelli* THE DRESSMAKERS' FAVORITE SEWING SILK

Corticelli and Brainerd & Armstrong's

BEAUTIFUL AND CONTINUOUS LUSTRE

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE WASH SILKS

Manufactured at the Greatest Silk Mills in the World

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Mary Mannering will appear at the Olympic theater, Monday, February 3rd, in the dramatization of Mr. Ford's Colonial novel, "Janice Meredith." Miss Mannering essays the title role. She was seen here in the same play last season and her charming interpretation of the heroine added to her fame and popularity. The supporting cast is as efficient as then and all accessories are up to standard.

Mr. Augustus Thomas' "Arizona" will be the attraction at the Century theater, beginning Sunday, February 2d. The play has been seen here thrice and its excellences are thoroughly familiar. Each time it has drawn larger audiences and each time it seemed still fresh and charming. Its fourth visit should continue the success of the play in its author's home town.

Cassidy and Convy's minstrel production will be given at the St. Louis Turner Hall, 1508 Chouteau avenue, Sunday evening, February 2d. Some of the best professional and local talent contribute to the programme. Following are a few of the more prominent vocalists and comedians: B. J. Westhus, G. F. Convy, R. A. Bacon, Jos. E. Faust, Geo. F. Munsa, Dan S. Fishell, Wm. F. Foster, Ed. W. Meyer and Wm. Teodor. The Yale Quartette and Commercial Comedy 4, Wm. Dacus, sand dancer, and Weisert and Rogers, musical artists; are among the special "features."

"Der Schwarze Schleier," (The Black Veil) presented at the Germania theater last Sunday evening, was well received, and Mme. Welb Markham's benefit, Wednesday evening, was well attended, while the finished production, "Wie Die Alten Sungen," (How the Old Sing)

was greatly appreciated. Sunday, February 2d, the folk-play, "Dorf und Stadt," (Village and Town) by Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer, will be the attraction. Wednesday, the 5th, Miss Leona Bergere will be tendered a benefit on which occasion Karl Held's comedy farce with songs, "Die Naecherin," (The Seamstress) will be the offering.

The performance at the Standard theater, this week, is drawing large audiences. Charles Barton, in two farcial burlesques, "Brown Among the Daisies," and "Raiding the Fenderloin;" two St. Louis girls, the Esher sisters, dancing; Myles and Raymond, with their absurdity, "Baby in the Cradle;" Rice and Elmer, bar performers; Ickhoff and Gordon, comedy musicians; and Idylla May Vyner, a clever soubrette and serio-comic; make up a good bill.

An entertainment will be given at the town hall in Kirkwood, next Saturday evening, for the benefit of the Grace Episcopal Church Organ fund. Mrs. Bessie Brown Ricker, will give impersonations of various types of little people. Several children will participate in the dance of all nations and both young and grown folks will give vocal contributions. Mrs. McCandless and Mrs. James L. Blair will also take part.

The Ice Palace, at Cook and Channing avenues, still retains its popularity. Good music, smooth ice, splendid skating and courteous attention always insure large crowds of pleasure seekers.

The General: "Was Colonel Bragg cool when the bullets began to fly?" *The Major:* "Cool? He was so blamed cold he shivered like a leaf."—Judge.

MUSIC.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Vocal St. Louis paid homage to Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, operatic contralto and "lieder" singer, at the Odeon, Monday night. All the singers—all the army of have-been, hope-to-be and never-will-be vocalists—were there. The singing teachers, surrounded by their favorite disciples, were much in evidence; in fact, nearly everybody, directly or indirectly interested in the art of song, was to be found in the audience. Vocal St. Louis prides itself that it knows a thing or two about singing, so the famous contralto had a very critical lot of people to interest, amuse and instruct.

There was much food for reflection in the programme and its exposition.

The programme began with Handel and ended with Meyerbeer. There was no Brahms or Richard Strauss, but plenty of Schubert, a little Schumann, Franz List, Rubinstein, Mendelssohn, and, more's the pity, some Ardit. The Mendelssohn was ill-advised, for the Madame is not an oratorio singer and her English is—well—peculiar. The Ardit is unworthy, and jarred painfully, despite the wonderful verve and dash with which this "Bolero" was sung.

Otherwise there was little to criticize. Voice specialists may object to the singer's tone-production and reckless attack, but Mme. Schumann-Heink is a remarkable artist. She is remarkable, not alone in her thrilling singing but, also, both in, and despite of her personality. She is a fascinatingly plain woman. Her sincerity of cordiality and her ingratiating ingenuousness are unique, and her artless simplicity is as refreshing as a woodland breeze. "Voila," the little slumber song, was sung as an encore. Its reception by the audience was a remarkable tribute to a remarkable art. A homely tale of the moon playing "Peeping Tom," told in a foreign tongue, but told with such a wealth of inference that not a detail of sentiment or humor escaped her listeners, if the hearty mirth and applause it provoked may be taken as an evidence of their feelings.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is an education in the art of interpretation. There is not a nuance or shade of meaning that escapes her beautiful discernment. Her detail is individual and always authoritatively and convincingly so. Not to have heard this contralto's interpretation of Schumann's "Fruehlingsnacht" is never to have known the song. And that wonderful "Drei Zigeuner" of Liszt and Schubert's "Allmacht," Rubinstein's "Waldhexe"—but why enumerate? Her "lieder" singing is monumental and adds lustre to the fame of the men whose work she illumines.

Mr. Ernst's accompaniments, excepting in the Ardit number, were worthy of the singer.

THE LEHMANN RECITAL.

Mme. Lilli Lehmann, the Wagnerian soprano, will make her only appearance in St. Louis, this season, Friday evening (to-morrow) 8:15, at the Odeon, in a recital made up of miscellaneous songs and arias and selections from the Wagner music dramas. At her first recital, in New York City, last November, she sang in a style that was unimpeachable and with her usual breadth and purity of tone, sustaining her reputation as a great artist. It was a repetition of

the scenes witnessed at the singer's former recitals here and must have recalled to her many former triumphs of her operatic career. The beauty of the quality of her tones, the richness and the breadth are still with her, and she retains her warmth of temperament and her poetic sensibility. Mme. Lehmann is a woman of remarkable intelligence, broad musical knowledge, and she betrays remarkable soul-qualities in life as well as in art. She has by no means abandoned the operatic stage and still appears in her favorite Wagner roles in the principal German cities. Last season she took part in the great Mozart festival at Salzburg, where she sang without remuneration and gave \$1,000 to the fund for making the festivals permanent. Mme. Lehmann was the first Rhine maiden in "Das Rheingold," at Bayreuth, at the dedication of the theater and subsequently became the greatest of Wagnerian sopranos, yet one of her pet roles is *Norma* in Bellini's opera of the same name. She will be assisted at the concert in the Odeon by Mr. Rheinhold Herman, an unusually fine pianist and accompanist, and also a gifted lecturer on the Wagner music dramas. The second half of the programme will be devoted to the Nibelungen Trilogy, explained by Mr. Herman and illustrated by vocal selections by Mme. Lehmann and by piano-forte arrangements of some of the principal excerpts, performed by Mr. Herman. The programme contains, as a first part, the aria, "Donna Anna," from "Don Giovanni," by Mozart; "L'Absence," by Berlioz; "Die Haide ist braun," by Franz; "Im Kahm Zickeltanz," by Grieg; "Waldesdespraech, Nussbaum," by Schumann; and "Erlkoenig," by Schubert. The second part will be devoted to Wagner's "Nibelungen Trilogy." In this part of the programme Mr. Herman, at the piano, will explain and illustrate the words and music, and he will play and Mme. Lehmann will sing important excerpts from the Trilogy. Those excerpts will comprise "Siegfried's Love Song," the "Ride of the Valkyries" and the "Fire Music," from "Die Walkure;" "Siegfried's Ascent," from "Siegfried;" and "The Rhein Daughters" and the "Immolation Scene," from "Die Gotterdammerung."

SECOND APOLLO CONCERT.

The Apollo Club sang to a pattering accompaniment of hail, at the Odeon, Tuesday night. Many subscribers stayed away and those that came were inclined to share in the frigidity of the atmosphere, especially in regard to the soloists. As usual, the two assistants were new to St. Louis. They were Mrs. Webb Gardner, a Boston soprano, and Harold Bauer, a foreign pianist.

The Apollo Club's policy of having "first time in St. Louis," soloists only, at their concerts, is interesting and commendable, but at the same time dangerous, as it is in a measure "going it blind" and occasional "slip-ups" are almost unavoidable. The slips have been rather marked this season and one finds it impossible to enthuse over Tuesday night's importations.

The club's work was the feature of the concert. Nearly all the choruses were of the light, bubbly, sort, and the humming accompaniment, to which Robyn is so partial, did good service. MacDowell's fine "Crusaders," the most taxing and ambitious number on the programme, was treated with much confidence and tonal dash, and throughout the evening the work of the

club was noticeably firm and free. Robyn is most exuberant in his pet effects of shading and never has the chorus seemed so plastic as on Tuesday night. Whispering *pianissimos* and ringing *fortes* followed each other in rapid succession and the *smorzando* effects demanded and received must have tested the breath control of even the iron-lunged Apollos.

Of the two soloists, Harold Bauer deserves first consideration. His short programme was made up entirely of salon music. The pianist was heard in the Chopin G minor "Ballade," Schubert's B flat "Impromptu" and Liszt's fantastic "Mephisto" valse. In the "Ballade," as in an encore of the Scarlatti muse, one recognized in Mr. Bauer the much-heralded artist. His interpretation was robust and refined and his touch as interesting as it was versatile. The Schubert was purely conventional, while the Liszt forcibly demonstrated that the pianist is in no sense great or heroic. Bauer, judging by his work here, is not in the category of virtuosi, neither has he the charm nor magnetism of many lesser lights of the pianistic world.

Mrs. Gardner, distingue looking and graceful, exhibited a thread-like soprano of short range and doubtful clarity.

For the next concert there are great, even sensational, things in the way of soloists being planned by the club.

POULT'S FIST.

One day, during his visit to St. Louis, last week, Poultney Bigelow dropped in at a well known club for luncheon. Instead of signing the order slip at the bottom in the usual way he placed his name directly under the last of the dishes which he ordered.

The waiter who was attending him studied the writing for a few minutes and then took it to the manager of the club. "Mr. Blank," he said, pointing to the author's autograph, "I don't know what that is and I can't find it on our bill of fare."

"That's Mr. Bigelow's signature," said the manager.

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"Oh" said the waiter, evidently very much relieved, "I thought it was a dessert."

It should be added that Mr. Bigelow is a great sufferer from writer's cramp.

FORTUNES IN FROCKS.

Consul General Gowdy has finished his report to the State Department of the last year's business between the United States and Paris. He said: "We have just finished the greatest year's business in the history of the Paris consulate. For the first time the Government receipts have exceeded those of the London consulate. The articles in which the greatest trade was done demonstrate the perfect taste of American women. They bought one million dollars' worth of dress goods, buttons and trimmings in 1901, and they took from Paris in one year almost two million dollars' worth of feathers, flowers and millinery. The jewelry and gems bought to adorn pretty Americans cost five millions. Yet, without adding lustre to our roses, I can say they are the prettiest women in the world. They are breathing statues, as a famous French critic says.

"Corsets they bought to the extent of \$300,000 in 1901, and our men will surely not miss the \$150,000 they paid for ladies' gloves.

"The fact that American women bought \$150,000 worth of animal hair and \$60,000 of human hair in 1901 is not any evidence that they are deficient in natural covering, but that the French know how to make the artistic things that Americans know how to admire.

"The year's trade proves two things—first, the prosperity of America; second, the friendship of the two countries."—*New York Journal*.

Mrs. Malaprop: "That's young Mr. Jenkins. He's engaged to be married, you know."

Mrs. Gabbie: "Indeed? And is that the young woman with him now?"

"Yes, that's his fiasco."—*Philadelphia Press*.

MUSIC IN THE DARK.

Musical Germany has recently been discussing in all seriousness the question whether it is true that a pernicious effect is produced upon music lovers at public concerts by feminine beauty, with its delightful accessories, as seen in a blaze of artificial light reflected by crystal, gold and glittering diamonds? Germany answers yes, and declares that in future lights must be turned down; in fact, some of the bolder spirits have already put them out and left the audience in darkness.

The idea was first suggested to a concert reformer in Darmstadt, who took to reading Goethe, and came upon a chapter in "Wilhelm Meister," in which an eccentric lover of music is described: "He could not live without music, more especially singing, and he was wont to listen to it without seeing the singers." This quaint individual used to say that music is really intended for the ear only, whereas in concert rooms it is made to minister mainly to the eye, to accompany movements, not sensations. The gentleman from Darmstadt thereupon concluded that the first step in the way of rational reform would be to lower the lights and shut his eyes to the consequences, and as many people jumped at the idea, it has already been realized, first in Darmstadt, and then in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Experiments are about to be continued elsewhere.

A man goes to a concert to hear music. But when he gets there he sees a great deal more than he hears, and his attention is distracted. The pillars, the statues, the lustres, all turn his thoughts away from the strains meant to soothe or inspirit. That is not as it should be, and yet it is not by any means the worst. He looks around at the ladies, many of whom come to be looked at. He sees the luxuriant tresses of one sylph-like figure before him, and as he cannot catch a glimpse of her charming face, he tries to guess at the features. His neighbor, a rich tradesman, is engaged in estimating the cost of the riviére of diamonds round her shapely neck. A third worshiper of Terpsichore finds himself behind the sweetest thing in hats and must be content with hearing, since he can't see anything because of the beautiful obstruction. Now, all these things were brought to the concert for the purpose of being seen, whereas people come primarily to hear. Suddenly a burst of applause reminds them of this fact—and of the other, that they have not been listening to the sonata.

Opposed to the arguments above is the rather practical reflection that being gifted with eyes we should use them to some good purpose, even in a concert hall. When a number of people foregather for a common object, they ought at least to see each other. And, after all, the majority of the public are not better or more conscientious worshipers than those who go to church. Moreover, some light must be given to the musicians in order that they may read the score, and this light in an otherwise dark room is painful to the eyes. If, on the other hand, the person of the singer is hidden from view, as Wagner covered up his orchestra, much of the effect is marred. Lastly, it should not be forgotten that a good deal of modern music was written for the light. Haydn's "Seasons," for instance, were never intended to be performed in gloom. A cantilene of Chopin might, it is true, affect us more powerfully in the gloaming, but that is an experiment to be tried at

home. If, however, in spite of all these arguments, the lights are to be turned down, then, adds the German critic, who might have hailed from Connemara, let the seats be turned round so that our backs may face the orchestra.

Not long ago Prof. Kwast and some other celebrated musicians gave a concert in Frankfort in the dark. The programme was excellent and the gas bill was nil. One of the critics left the hall with eye-ache before the second piece was performed, and some of the younger visitors waited in ecstasies of delight until all was over. Another critic declares that the reform to be successful, must be thorough, and the degrees of obscurity should be adjusted to the musical effects of each composition. For an allegro, therefore, the room ought to be inundated with light, for the finale twilight would be the fitting accompaniment, while a slow movement should be played in absolute darkness.

A NEW APPOINTMENT FOR THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Mr. Clarence D. Boyd, who was recently appointed Excursion Agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway, with headquarters in St. Louis, has assumed the duties of his new position, the most important of which will be in connection with the Pullman tourist sleeping car service now established between St. Louis and Pacific Coast points.

On Tuesday morning of each week he will personally conduct the excursion, which leaves Union Station, St. Louis, at 9:00 o'clock. The Pullman tourist cars will be under his direct supervision. He will cheerfully give any information desired, point out places and objects of interest along the line, and see that the wants and comforts of passengers are strictly and promptly attended to. Mr. Boyd has had years of experience in this matter, and is thoroughly familiar with all the details that tend to make traveling a pastime and a pleasure. He has at his command an able and efficient porter whose sole duty it is to be polite and attentive to the passengers. He will especially look after the wants of ladies and children.

This tourist car arrives at Kansas City the same evening, and at Pueblo, the terminus of the Missouri Pacific Railway, at noon on Wednesdays. Here it passes over the tracks of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad to Glenwood Springs and Grand Junction, Colo., where it is taken up by the Rio Grande Western Railway for Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah. The balance of the trip is over the Southern Pacific Railway to the Pacific Coast.

The headquarters of Mr. C. D. Boyd, in St. Louis, are the City Ticket Office, Northwest corner Broadway and Olive street. On application in person or by mail, he will cheerfully furnish time-cards, maps, folders, pamphlets and other interesting literature.

Guest (impatiently): "Say, waiter, how long have you been employed here?" Waiter: "'Bout a week, sah." Guest: "Oh, is that all! Then I must have given my order to some other waiter."—Chicago Daily News.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

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A MODERN COURTSHIP.

March 4, 1900.

DEAR MISS VIOLET: I wonder whether you would be good enough to let me know the name of the shop where your mother gets her bacon? She was telling me about it on Sunday, but I have foolishly forgotten the name. I remember thinking when I stayed with you in Hampshire that I had seldom tasted such excellent bacon, and, as my mother is extremely particular about what she eats, I want to get something really good.

We have, I am sorry to say, been having great trouble with our servants. The cook your mother recommended to me turned out a failure, and we were forced to dismiss her. She was really so lazy and untidy that the other servants could not put up with her. Perhaps you know of another?

If you are kind enough to answer these questions, will you at the same time let me know what day would suit you for me to call and see you alone? I think you may have guessed what I want to say.

Either Monday or Thursday afternoon, or Friday morning at 10:30 would do for me. I should prefer Friday, as the other two days I have only twenty minutes to spare.

My mother would be so much obliged if you would let her have the prospectus of the training college you mentioned the other day. My cousin Mary wishes very much to go to one, and thinks this sounds suitable.

With many apologies for troubling you, believe me, yours sincerely,

Herbert Jackson.

LETTER II.

May 14, 1900.

DEAR MR. JACKSON: I am afraid I have been a terribly long time answering your letter, but my married sister has been staying with us, and I have been extremely busy going about with her.

The bacon-shop is Wilson, in Bond street. Mother says that if you mention her name you are sure to be well attended to. She thinks she knows of a cook to suit you; Sarah Hudson is her name. She was with us two years, and only left because we were going abroad. She is extremely clean and hardworking, and would, I think, suit your mother very well. If you would fix a day, mother would send her to see you.

I am inclosing the prospectus of the training college. I think your cousin could not do better than go there. Several friends of mine have been there and thought it excellent.

I see you say in your letter that you wish to call and see me alone. I shall be at home on Monday morning at 11 and free till 11:30, when I am interviewing a parlor maid. If this would not suit you, could you come to lunch on Wednesday? I shall have a cousin lunching with me, but I dare say you would not mind this. I am afraid these are my only free days.

I hope your mother has quite recovered from her cold and that your domestic disasters are over. We are in great trouble, as the parlor maid, who has been with us for three years, has to go home in order to nurse a sick sister and fears she will not be able to return!

I hope my delay in answering your letter has not caused you any inconvenience.

Yours sincerely, Violet Osborne.

LETTER III.

Aug. 13, 1900.

DEAR MISS VIOLET: I was so sorry that I

was unable to come and see you in May, but I had to go up to Scotland to see about an uncle's will, and, since I came back, have not had a moment to spare.

I think you must know that the object of my proposed visit was to ask you to become my wife. If you find this possible will you let me know, so that I may come and see you? Any day this week before 2 p. m. will do. I shall much enjoy seeing you again, as we do not seem to have met for a long while.

My mother has tried Wilson, and finds the bacon excellent. It was so kind of Lady Osborne to recommend that cook. We did not engage her, as her cooking was a little too fanciful for our small menage.

Hoping, dear Miss Violet, that I may soon hear from you, believe me, yours very sincerely,

Herbert Jackson.

LETTER IV.

Oct. 20, 1900.

DEAR MR. JACKSON: I fear I have been an unpardonably long time in answering your letter, but we have been settling in with an entirely fresh set of servants, and you know what that means.

I have stupidly mislaid your letter, but I think I can remember its contents. If I have delayed answering it is not because I was not much touched and flattered, but because I really have had no time to do anything. I am now at leisure again, and shall be delighted to see you if you still wish to come. We shall be at home on Sundays and Tuesdays, till Christmas.

We had a visit from your Aunt Sophy the other day, and were very glad to hear your mother was quite well again. I hope this cold weather will not upset her. Yours very sincerely,

Violet Osborne.

LETTER V.

Dec. 30, 1900.

DEAR MISS VIOLET: I have a terrible confession to make to you. When I received your letter I put it, unopened, in my pocket, intending to read it at lunch time. I was, however, so busy all the morning that I could not find a minute in which to read it. On returning home I searched through my pockets, only to discover that the letter had disappeared. I must have pulled it out with my handkerchief and dropped it in the street.

I cannot sufficiently apologize for my carelessness. It was, you may imagine, a great annoyance to me, as I was extremely anxious to know its contents and whether I must be condemned to sign myself eternally only—Yours very sincerely,

Herbert Jackson.

LETTER VI.

DEAR MR. JACKSON: I have had some difficulty in deciding how to answer your letter.

You will, I fear, think me extremely foolish when I confess that I have completely forgotten what I said when I last wrote. I really cannot recollect whether I accepted or refused your offer of marriage. If the former, I suppose I must consider myself engaged to you. Perhaps it would be best if you would write and let me know what you wish. I think it only right to tell you that Mr. Reginald Peyton has lately proposed to me. I told him that I could not give him a definite answer till I heard from you. Until then I remain yours sincerely,

Violet Osborne.

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LETTER VII.

DEAR MISS VIOLET: We are indeed in a strange dilemma! I do not know how to reply to your letter. I shall, of course, be delighted if you will become my wife. At the same time, I do not wish you to be bound by anything you may have said in your letter; it would, I think, be best if we allowed it to sink into oblivion. I have been offered a post as secretary to Sir James Harriss, in Africa, and this would mean that I should leave England in a week's time, to remain five years. It is an excellent post and I shall probably never have such a chance again; but, of course, if you would prefer my remaining at home, I will refuse. I leave the matter in your hands, but should be glad if you would let me know your decision quickly. Yours ever sincerely,

Herbert Jackson.

[Telegram.] April 18, 1901.
To Herbert Jackson, 34 South Street, W.
Accept post. Have accepted Reginald.
Yours, Violet.

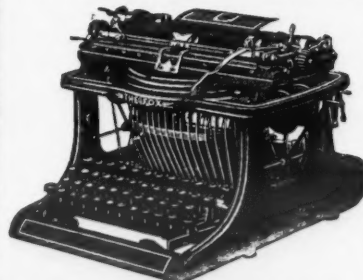
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THE STOCK MARKET.

There has been a further moderate decline in stock market values, without any perceptible increase in the volume of business. The professional traders are still reigning supreme; they buy and sell for quick turns. While their profits are small, they have at least the satisfaction of knowing that they are doing better than the average outsider. The latter has either gotten "stuck" at high prices, or is afraid to do anything at all. At this writing, there is nothing in sight on which one could base the hope of a speedy resumption of buying on a large scale. The bull leaders seem to have agreed among themselves to give the market a rest and to await a digestion of the big mass of stock and bonds issued in the last two years. There is too much of this stuff held on borrowed money, and the thrifty man who will invest his money is urgently needed. It is not the speculator, but the investor that is needed now. The speculator has had his day for some time to come. A period of calm and conservatism will be of benefit all around, and clear the atmosphere considerably. The suspicion that there are a good many weak, rotten spots in the speculative structure is very strong, and as long as this suspicion prevails, it is useless to look for much of an improvement. The cynical trader argues that the outsider will come in, no matter how much ground there may be for extreme caution, as soon as prices should begin to soar again. That may be so, but it remains to be proved. The aphorism of President Lincoln about fooling the public may be applied to speculative affairs as well as politics.

That there is a strong bull clique at work trying to lift prices cannot be doubted. It is surprising that they have so far failed to meet with any success, in view of the improved state of affairs abroad and the strengthening of New York bank reserves. It looks as if there was method in the persistence with which prices are being kept down and a bull conflagration made impossible. Have the leading men arrived at the conclusion that it would be useless or dangerous to permit of further inflation? Or have they simply decided to wait for a more auspicious juncture before resuming operations on the long side of the account? There are a few experienced men who predict that the real bear movement will not begin until May or June, and that the next few weeks will witness the inauguration of a decided rise in prices, which will allow of wholesale liquidation by overloaded bulls and syndicates. It all depends upon the public. If the public can be fooled again, the manipulators will succeed, but not otherwise. So far as intrinsic value is concerned, no sane speculator will dare to contradict the assertion that most leading stocks are either too high altogether or high enough at the current level of quotations.

There is some clever work being done in sugar certificates. It is claimed that the sugar trust will have its way in legislation at Washington, in reference to concessions to Cuban sugar planters, and that this will mean big profits for the Havemeyers. Somebody may be counting chickens before they are hatched, but it is very likely that the sugar lobby at the Capitol has things "fixed" and will see its pernicious activity crowned with success. The sugar trust always has clever and successful men in its service. Many Congressmen have, in the past, succumbed to the whiles, blandishments and

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	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102 3/4	-103
Park 4	A. O. April 1, 1905	109	-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O. April 10, 1906	110	-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D. June 25, 1907	102 3/4	-103
" 4	A. O. April 10, 1908	104	-105 1/4
" 4	J. D. Dec. 1, 1909	102 3/4	-103
" 4	J. J. July 1, 1918	111	-112
" 4	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104	-105
" 4	M. S. June 2, 1920	104	-106
" 4	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107	-108
" 4	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	107 1/4	-108 1/4
" 4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	107 1/4	-110
" 4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109	-110
" 4	M. N. May 1, 1915	104	-105
" 3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	102 3/4	-103

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277

Assessment \$352,521.650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A. Feb. 1, 1903	104 1/4	-105 1/4
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. D. June, 1920	104	-106
" 4s 10-20	J. D. June, 1920	104	-106
" 4s 10-20	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102	-103
" 4s 10-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	108	-105
" 4s 10-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104	-105
" 4s 10-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105	-106
" 4s 10-20	J. D. July 1, 1919	105	-107
" 4s 10-20	June 1, 1920	104	-106
" 3 1/2	J. J. July 1, 1921	101	-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	77 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 - 102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	106 - 106 1/4
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	- - 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 - 103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	95 - 100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 - 101 1/4
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	106 1/4 - 106
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	109 - 109 1/4
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115 1/4 - 116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112 1/4 - 113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 - 119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	94 - 95
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	92 1/4 - 93
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	96 - 99
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 99
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104 - 105
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 - 101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100 - 104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	300 - 304
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8 1/2 SA	220 - 222
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	263 - 265
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	265 - 266
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5 p.c. SA	303 - 304
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	180 - 190
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	333 - 338
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775 - 825
International	100	Dec. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	167 - 175
Jefferson	100	Jan. 02, 4 p.c. SA	185 - 195
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	525 - 575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Dec. 1901, 2 qy	260 - 265
Merch. Laclede	100	Dec. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	240 - 242
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902, 1 1/2 SA	160 - 170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Dec. 1901, 2 1/2 qy	225 - 227
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	125 - 128
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	135 - 138
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110 - 115
State National	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	213 - 215
Third National	100	Dec. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	239 - 240

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100	Forming.	79 - 180
Colonial	100	Sept. 01, 1 1/2 qy	122 - 222
Lincoln	100	Dec. '01, 2 1/2 qy	794 - 285
Miss. Va.	100	Dec. '01, 2 1/2 qy	438 - 440
St. Louis	100	Dec. '01, 2 qy	378 - 380
Title Trust	100	Dec. '01, 1 1/2 qy	138 - 142
Union	100	Jan. '02, 1, Mo.	445 - 446
Worcester	100	Jan. '02, 1, Mo.	418 - 419
Missouri Trust	100		170 - 171
Ger. Trust Co.	100		210 - 211

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.		
10-20s 5s	J. & J. 1912	102 1/4 - 103
Citizens' 20s 6s	J. & J. 1907	109 - 111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	
10s 5s	M. & N. 2	1905 105 - 107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A. 1911	109 - 108 1/4
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J. 1913	116 - 116 1/4
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J. 1913	116 - 116 1/4
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N. 1896	105 - 106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D. 1912	98 - 103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N. 1902	98 - 103
St. L. & E. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100 -
do 1st 6s	J. & J. 1925	103 - 107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N. 1910	100 1/4 - 101 1/4
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J. 1913	102 - 103
St. L. & Sub.		90 - 110
do Con. 5s	F. & A. 1921	104 1/4 - 105
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N. 1914	117 - 120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N. 1916	115 1/4 - 116
do Incomes 5s		1914
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N. 1904	104 - 106
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106 - 108
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	F. & A. 1916	107 - 108
U. D. 25s 6s	J. & D. 1918	121 - 122
United Ry's Pfd.	Oct. '01 1 1/2	84 1/2 - 85 1/2
" 4 p.c. 50s	J. & J.	89 1/2 - 89 3/4
St. Louis Transit		31 1/2 - 32

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent	100	July 1901, 4 SA	238 - 240

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100	Oct. 1901 1 1/2	29 - 30
" " Pfd	100	Oct. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	85 - 86
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150 - 160
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	2 - 4
Central Lead Co.	100	Dec. 1901, 1/2 MO	128 - 133
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. 1902 1	18 - 21 1/2
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Dec. 1901, 1/2 MO	128 - 135
Granite-Bimetallic	100	Nov. 1901, 1	26c - 265
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	90 - 100
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	47 - 50
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901 A. 10.	110 - 115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901 SA 3 1/2	112 - 115
Laclede Gas, com	100	Sept. 1901 2 p.c.	90 - 91
Laclede Gas, pfd	100	Dec. 1901 SA 2 1/2	108 - 109
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		50 - 51
Mo. Edison com.	100		16 1/2 - 17
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '01 1 1/2 qy	100 - 101
Schultz Belting	100	Oct. '01 qy 2 p.c.	97 - 101
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Mar., 1901 6 A	170 - 172
Simmons do pfd	100	Aug. 1901, 3 1/2 SA	139 - 142
Simmons do 2 pfd	100	Oct. 1901 4 SA	140 - 145
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Sept. 1901 1 1/2 qy	16 1/2 - 17 1/2
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 2 p.c.	46 - 48 1/2
St. L. Brew. Com	100	Jan., '99 4 p.c.	41 - 43
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	5 - 25
St. L. R. Exposit'n	100	Dec. '96, 2	2 - 2 1/2
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Oct. 1901 1 qy	72 - 75
Union Dairy	100	Nov., '01, 2 qy	135 - 145
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	220 - 240
Westhaus Brake	50	Dec. 1901, 7 1/2	175 - 180
" Coupler		Consolidated	50 - 51

monetary temptations held out by the lobby, and one must not, therefore, be too sure about the moral fortitude of our present National legislators. In the meanwhile, the Havemeyer certificates are being advanced with a good deal more than ordinary audacity. Washington brokerage houses are said to be doing a good business in the shares; they ought to have private wire connections with the Capitol, to accommodate gambling Senators and Congressmen. It is a perfect "cinch," this sugar business; one does not have such a thing every day.

There is likewise considerable stock-jobbing and eaves-dropping in connection with the case of the Northern Securities Company in the U. S. Supreme Court. Rumors are plentiful regarding the matter, and very handy for market manipulators. The importance of a favorable decision is well recognized by the leaders in Wall street. While the uncertainty about the status of the consolidation in the Northwest prevails it will be hard up-hill word to lift prices to any decided extent.

Some of the most important news items of the past week are the following: A reduction in the discount rate of the Bank of England from 4 to 3 1/2 per cent, the lowest since last October; an enormous over-subscription to the new German and Prussian loans; a failure of the directors of the Erie to raise the dividend rate on the first preferred from 1 1/2 to 2 per cent semi-annually, and the announcement that the Reading would offer for sale \$4,000,000 of its Jersey Central Collateral 4 per cent bonds at 95 1/2. Both Erie and Reading issues were badly depressed by the news mentioned. The St. Louis Southwestern Ry. Co. will likewise sell \$20,000,000 new 4 per cent bonds, the proceeds from the sale to be used in retiring \$10,000,000 second mortgage income bonds, and to provide for \$3,000,000 of improvements; \$7,000,000 are to be retained in the treasury.

The heavy snow-fall in the West and Southwest has allayed the fears of a failure of winter wheat and produced a somewhat optimistic feeling regarding stocks of transportation companies traversing those sections of the country. One should not be too optimistic, however. The wheat crop is not as yet beyond danger; if serious damage has already been done, it will soon be discovered, and, besides, the crucial period of the season has yet to come. Railroad officials continue to utter sanguine predictions about large traffic and increasing earnings. They are talking entirely too much. It looks, at times, as if the official statements in the newspapers were inspired, because they, almost invariably, make their appearance when some particular stock is being advanced and rigged in Wall street.

They are bullish again on Amalgamated Copper. The stock is slowly creeping up on what is termed "representative buying." There are also reports that the copper trade situation is mending, that the price of the metal will soon be advanced; that further conferences with the Rio Tinto or Rothschild

interests are to be held; that the European demand for copper is enlarging, and that the big short interest will be driven in. It is always the same old talk; forecastle-yarns, which we have heard so many, many times. They assert that the stock will be raised to 85 at least, and that it should be bought on all moderate declines. If you have the "nerve" and the stuff, you may try your luck, and take a flyer, but don't kick, if you get scalped in the struggle.

The last report of the Comptroller of the Currency furnishes what they always refer to as "mighty interesting reading." During the year 1901, the loans of the country's national banks increased more than \$300,000,000, while cash gained less than \$20,000,000. These are eloquent, pregnant, significant and disquieting figures, in spite of the soothing words that accompany the report. It is also shown that the reserves of the national banks amounted, on December 1st, 1901, to 26.71 per cent. They were 32.42 per cent on December 17th, 1896, and 31.34 per cent on December 1st, 1898. Here is food for reflection for you and food for something else besides.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There is a good deal of grumbling among local bulls. Prices refuse to rise in the old-fashioned way, and selling pressure is growing apace. Offerings are taken care of, and efforts are being made to prevent anxiety, but there seems to be a "nigger in the wood-pile." The old enthusiasm has disappeared, and buyers are getting scarce. The banks are also more cautious, and refuse to lend money on some trust stocks which have been so popular sometime ago.

The leading features of activity at present are Missouri Trust, Colonial Trust, Germania Trust, American Central Trust, Granite-Bimetallic, and Street Railway issues. St. Louis Transit has dropped to 30 1/2, the United Railways preferred to 83 1/4; the four per cent bonds are selling at 89 1/2. Dealings in Transit have been heavy in the last few days and at steadily receding prices.

Trust Company and Bank stocks are generally lower. There are a few issues that are quoted at higher prices, but the advance in them is, apparently, entirely due to manipulation. Another trust company is being organized in the North End. If it keeps on like this, we will soon rival the Beaumont oil boom. These are great days for promoters.

Granite-Bimetallic dropped from 2.85 to 2.62 1/2. There is large selling whenever the stock lifts its head. It is still believed that there is a strong pool at work and anxious to unload its holdings.

Banks report a good business. Money is in less urgent demand, however, and New York exchange is still strong and rising. Sterling is quoted at 4.87 1/2.

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NOTABLE OLD PEOPLE.

The opening year of the century dealt gently with the famous old people whom it found. Queen Victoria died at the age of 81 and Signor Crispi departed this life at the same age. Besides these the list of notable old people who died within the year includes Verdi at 87, ex-Senator Evarts at 83, Li Hung Chang, Bishop Whipple and Fitz John Porter at 79 and ex-Governor Pillsbury at 73.

The most distinguished of the aged persons now living is Leo XIII. Alarming reports of his condition have been sent out recently which his great age makes the more significant. He is now 91. Cassius M. Clay and Admiral Keppel are both a year older. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts survives at 87. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is 86. The age of 85 has been reached by the Rev. Newman Hall, ex-Senator Dawes, Russell Sage and Parke Goodwin, the newspaper man. Prof. Mommsen, the historian, is a year younger, as are also King Christian of Denmark and Watts, the painter. Ex-Senator Hampton and Ex-Secretary Boutwell are 83, Bishop Huntington, Julia Ward Howe, General Longstreet and Thomas Dunn English, author of "Ben Bolt," are 82. Four notable people are 81—Herbert Spencer, Sir John Tenniel, the cartoonist, Florence Nightingale and Susan B. Anthony. Prof. Virchow celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday not long ago. Ristori and Mrs. Gilbert are two famous actresses who have attained the same age.

Between the limits of three-score years and ten and four-score years there is a larger but hardly more notable assembly.

Those 79 years old are Edward Everett Hale, clergyman and author; Prof. Wallace, the naturalist; ex-Mayor Hewitt, Donald G. Mitchell, of "Reveries of a Bachelor," and the Rev. Henry M. Field—the last of the of the famous brothers, Cyrus, Dudley, Stephen and Henry. Prof. Goldwin Smith, whose vigorous contributions on the question of immortality occasionally appear in the New York Sun, is a year younger, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson is of the same age. George Macdonald, now 77, can hardly hope to add much to his list of writings.

Senator Morgan is a power in the Upper House still, although only three years removed from the four-score mark. Levi P. Morton and General Sigel have attained the same age. Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, is 76, and Senator Hoar and the ex-Empress Eugenie are 75. General Lew Wallace and Senor Sagasta are both 74. Several illustrious persons were born seventy-three years ago. That was the birth year of the three famous foreign authors, Ibsen, Tolstoi and Jules Verne, of ex-Senator Edmunds, Justice Gray, Berthelot, Lord Pauncefoot and Clara Barton. General Booth, Joseph Jefferson, King Oscar, Carl Schurz and Senator Allison are 72.

The year 1831 had its share of notable persons. It gave to Mexico President Diaz, to Austria Francis Joseph, to England the Marquis of Salisbury, to the United States Senator Vest, Senator Teller and General Howard, to Europe and America Salvini and Mme. Jauschek. England has three notable men who are now three-score years and ten—Archdeacon Farrar, Frederick Harrison, the positivist, and Henry Labouchere, the caustic editor of Truth. Sardou and Joachim, the violinist, are both 70, as are Ambassador Choate, Senator Proctor, General Schofield and Senator Frye. —Kansas City Star.

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CRAWFORD'S

What's Left of the Mid-Winter Sale at Low Prices.

NOTE THESE ITEMS:

Hosiery Specials.

Broken Lots to close cheap.

- Ladies' Fast Black All Wool Hose, plain with ribbed tops, clear heel and toe, were 25c, to close.....12½c
- Ladies' Imported Fast Black Cotton Hose, high spliced heels and toes, double soles, were 35c, now.....19c
- Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread and Fine Cotton Hose, fancy stripes, boot patterns, bow knots and cream silk, were 75c and 50c, to close.....3 for \$1.00, or 35c per pair
- Children's Imported Fast Black, Double Fleece-Lined Cotton Hose, 1x1 ribbed, 50c and 25c, to close.....25c and 15c

Ladies' and Children's Knit Underwear

Broken Lots to be closed out regardless of cost.

- Ladies' Red All-Wool Medicated Pants, buttons on the side, also natural Grey and White Plaited Wool Vests and Pants, were \$1.00 and 75c, to close.....49c
- Ladies' Imported Swiss Ribbed All-Wool Vests, high neck, short sleeves, and low neck, no sleeves, pink, blue, natural grey and white, were \$1.35 and \$1.19, to close.....89c and 98c
- Ladies' Fast Black Wool Tights, knee length, closed and open, were \$1.25, to close.....69c
- Children's Plush Lined Flat Cotton Vests, Pants and Drawers, sizes 26 to 32, were 50c, to close.....25c

Flannels and Cloths.

Big table of Flannelette Remnants, Persian and French designs, also double fleece, at one-half price.

- Extra heavy Grey Shakers, were 15c, Clearing Sale Price.....10c
- Parisian Flannelette Figures and Stripes, were 15c, Sale Price.....9c
- Extra heavy White Wool Shaker, was 40c, Sale Price.....25c
- 56-inch Home-Spun Suitings, were \$1.00, Sale Price.....59c
- Extra heavy Black Cassimeres, 27-inch wide, was 45c, Sale Price.....30c

Saturday night will call a halt on such ruinous Prices on

Cloaks, Jackets, Skirts, Etc.

AS FOLLOWS:

- Ladies' Stylish Short Walking Jackets, colors brown, tan, grey and black, were \$6.50 up to \$7.50, now.....\$3.50
- Ladies' Black Oxford and Grey Walking Skirts, deep flounce, tailor-stitched twenty times, were \$7.50, now.....\$4.98
- Very Stylish Black and Navy Blue Pebbel Cheviot Dress Suits, Jacket Taffeta silk lined, were \$27.50, now.....\$16.50
- Ladies' Black Venetian Cloth Dress Skirts, deep Graduated flounce, trimmed with satin and tailor folds, were \$11.75, now.....\$6.50
- Tailor-Made Box Coats, storm collar, were \$6.50, now.....\$3.50
- Ladies' Black, Tan and Castor Cape Newmarkets, half satin lined, were \$37.50, now.....\$20.00

No extra charge for altering.

BOYS' CLOTHING

At Bankrupt Prices.

- 500 Boys' Knee Suits, in the staple double-breasted style, age 7 to 16, highly tailored, from pure wool Scotch mixtures, fancy Cassimeres and neat effects in dark Cheviot Suits, that parents can buy with confidence That they are the best and strongest \$2.98-\$3.98 values ever offered by any store. Our Special.....\$2.98, \$3.98

Boys' Vestee Suits—

- Age 3 to 9 years, very prettily made, from rich dark and light shades, in pure wool fabrics, newest styles, that are sure to please the mother eye. Sold everywhere for \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.50. Our Special Prices.....\$1.98, \$2.98, \$3.50

Three Piece Suits—

- Knee Suits with single-breasted coat and 6 buttons, vest to fit boys age 10 to 16 years, handsome dark shades, in nobby Cheviots, worth \$5.00 to \$6.50. Our Special Prices.....\$2.98, \$4.50

D. CRAWFORD & CO.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

WANAMAKER'S PRIZE.

That John Wanamaker, the millionaire merchant and former Postmaster General of the United States, superintends a Sunday school in addition to his other interests is current history, but there is a chapter in that history which hitherto has not been published. It is called the story of the prize which was never awarded. Mr. Wanamaker's school had convened, as usual, on a bright Sunday morning, and Mr. Wanamaker announced before recitations that he would confer a substantial money prize upon the pupil who gave the best answer to the following question: "Whom do you love above all others?"

Upon the announcement a number of little hands went up. Mr. Wanamaker selected one of the children, and said, "Well, whom do you love best?"

It was a little girl, who replied: "I love my brother best."

Mr. Wanamaker was much pleased. He said that the love of a sister for her brother was one of the sweetest affections, because, as long as brothers and sisters loved one another, there could not be discord in families. Then he asked the little girl's name.

"Bessy Crawford," she replied.

Then he proposed the question to a boy.

"I love my parents best," the lad replied.

Mr. Wanamaker was once more highly pleased, and spoke at length upon the fourth commandment, and the lesson derived therefrom.

This little boy, when asked his name, said that it was Eddie Brady.

The next answer was from a boy who had been impatiently attempting to attract Mr. Wanamaker's attention ever since the announcement of the prize. At last the boy was asked: "And whom do you love best, my boy?"

"I love our Redeemer the best of all," was the answer.

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Wanamaker, "that is the answer; for it embraces all the others." In a really eloquent speech the former cabinet member pointed out that the love of the Redeemer was the idealization of all Christianity, and eulogized the spirit which had prompted the answer. Finally, after a well-rounded peroration, which would have done honor to any pulpit or clergyman, Mr. Wanamaker turned to the boy and requested his name.

"My name," came the proud reply, "was Levi Guggenheimer!"

The Philadelphia papers contained a report the next morning stating that John Wanamaker was seriously indisposed.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

"I wonder why they haven't started any yellow journals in Cuba yet?" "I don't believe there are enough Americans there to support one."—*Life*.

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The Mirror

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WAGNER **Lehmann**
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RINEHOLD HERMAN AT THE PIANO.
Tickets: Parquet, \$1 00, \$1 50 and \$2.00; Balcony, \$1 50, \$1 00 and 75c; Boxes, \$15.
Sale now on. Bollman's, 1100 Olive street.

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Big Gaiety Spectacular Extravaganza.

NEXT WEEK

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Appreciated for Quality.



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THIS WEEK,

Dan Daly

IN

**The
New
Yorkers.**

Wednesday and
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NEXT SUNDAY

Augustus

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Powerful Play

Ari-

zona

Seats on Sale
Thursday.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK

NIXON &
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Big Play

**The
Strollers**

With Henshaw, Fox,
Marie George
and Don.

Wednesday and Satur-
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NEXT MONDAY.

Mary

Mannerling

IN

**Janice
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Wednesday and Satur-
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Seats on sale
Thursday.

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14th and Locust.

HRINEMANN & WELB, - - Managers.

Sunday, Feb. 2d, 1902, the great Folk Play,

"DORF UND STADT."

By Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer.

Wednesday, Feb. 5th, 1902, Benefit for
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Comedy Farce, with Songs by Karl Held.

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The Bohemian Publishing Co.,
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The Mirror

The Opening of a Town

SALE OF LOTS AT

Emmerson, Texas

Friday and Saturday, February 7th and 8th, 1902.

Cheap Rates

IN EFFECT
via the



**Tuesday,
Feb. 4th,
1902.**



**A Rare
Chance
FOR
Profitable
Investment.**

Emmerson, Collin County, Texas, is located on the Red River, Texas & Southern Railway, an auxiliary line of the Frisco System, about midway between Sherman in Grayson County and Ft. Worth in Tarrant County, being thirty seven miles Southwest from Sherman and thirty-six miles East of North from Fort Worth. It is about forty miles West from North of Dallas, in Dallas County. It will be seen by a glance at the map that Emmerson is located about midway on practically an air line between McKinney in Collin County and Denton in Denton County. The skeleton map shown above will enable investors or prospective purchasers to realize the commanding position occupied by Emmerson, its first-class railroad facilities and to form an opinion of its unquestionably prosperous future.

The first of the public auctions of town lots will take place under the auspices of the Black Land Townsite Company, on Friday, 7th, and Saturday, February 8th, 1902, at Emmerson. The lots will be sold at auction to the highest bidder, upon easy terms.

Cheap Rates will be in effect on Tuesday, February 4th, from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and other points, to Texas. This is an unusual opportunity for profitable investment.

All purchasers of real estate to the amount of five hundred dollars (\$500) or more may obtain refund of railroad fare paid, to any amount not exceeding thirty dollars (\$30), by presenting receipts for such fare to John Summerfield, General Agent, Black Land Townsite Company, American National Bank Building, Dallas, Texas.

For further information as to condition of soil, rates of fare, time of trains, etc., address

JOHN SUMMERFIELD,

General Agent Black Land Townsite Company, American National Bank Bldg.
DALLAS, TEXAS.

OR

BRYAN SNYDER,

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